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says the Duke of Bedford

"If you're on my Christmas gift list," says the Duke of Bedford, "there's a surprise package coming your way.

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"I won't tell you the name on the label. But it's a bottle of South African sherry—the best sherry I ever tasted.

"I hope you'll enjoy it!"

NOTE: His Grace is not being extravagant. South African sherries (including the one he is giving for Christmas) pay *less import duty* because they enjoy Commonwealth Preference. That's how they stretch Christmas gift budgets. What about yours?

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JOHN BULL
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The Cover

THE pastry's short, but willing hands aren't. This week before Christmas can seem an age when you're seven years old and anxious to get to grips with the baking. Though this young cook doesn't know it, she's just been accepted as a pupil by a hard-to-satisfy teacher. It's a tough course, says artist Hants: but after this mince pie rehearsal, Mother is going to award Mrs. Beaton Junior her apron—it'll be tucked in her Christmas stocking for use on the day.

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Upper Lips

I BELIEVE that the "stiff upper lip" attitude is responsible for many common mental disorders.

The outlook became popular in Britain at about the beginning of the last century. Since then, people who cannot keep their emotions below the surface have been objects of scorn. The result is that many of us bottle up our feelings, never daring to express ourselves.

How much better it would be if we returned to the outlook prevailing in the days of Chaucer, when people really showed how they felt—and were certainly better for doing so.—R. A. F. LEMMON, Hillside, Tonbridge.

Sky Sign?

We have had a barometer for years and cannot rely on it. But the plastic curtains in our bathroom always give an accurate weather forecast.

If the curtains are billowing, we can be sure of a fine, dry day. When we find them sucked against the open window we know that it will rain. Why is this?—I. F. RUSHBROOK, Fire Station, East Ham, London, E.6.

"Atmospheric pressure, which can give a rough guide to future weather conditions, is unlikely to affect the curtains," says the Meteorological Office.

"It is probable that the curtains are influenced purely by comparative internal and external temperatures. If Mr. Rushbrook keeps a careful written note over several weeks of these 'forecasts' and the results, he may find that they are less accurate than he thinks."

Danger Age

I am a worried and shaken man, having used a stretch of road in the south of England which is as fast as Preston by-pass.

All the cars on it seemed to be in good mechanical condition. But some of the more mature drivers were clearly incapable of handling fast-moving vehicles.

I saw elderly gentlemen clinging to the wheel, faces taut and eyes glazed, while their speedometers hovered in the eighties. They "clipped" their overtaking dangerously. And they apparently felt an urge for even greater speed when anyone was trying to pass them.

I could not help dwelling on the awful consequences if any of those motorists had a heart attack under such conditions. Their state of tension was surely sufficient to induce thrombosis.

It should be an offence for elderly motorists to use fast roads unless they can produce medical certificates of absolute fitness.—O. H. D., Guildford, Surrey.

Cash Canine

I know of a dog who buys his own licence. He has a money-box standing on the hall table and into it goes all the cash he earns for doing routine jobs, such as fetching newspapers from the shop and bringing slippers to the fireside.

At the end of the year there is always enough saved for his licence, plus a new collar and lead, should he require them.

The balance is used to pay for the licences of less fortunately placed dogs, who might otherwise be destroyed.—MRS. HILDA K. PALMER, Gloucester Avenue, London, N.W.1.

Long Look

In my young days women were glorified by their hair, hands and feet. Now the coiffeur takes credit for the hair—or what is left of it. And the hands and feet have increased greatly in size.

Hands have broadened, become more capable looking. And no longer can it be said:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light."

The cause of this development must surely be the greater freedom

young women have acquired and their widespread participation in strenuous sports and games.— J. C. FERGUSON, Bellrock Street, Cranhill, Glasgow, E.3.

"The average size of shoes and gloves sold to women has certainly increased," says a large London store.

And a shoe manufacturer says: "In the old days, women used to force their feet into shoes which were much too small, just to give the effect of neatness. Modern designs mean that women can wear shoes which are comfortable as well as smart."

NEXT WEEK

John Bull and Illustrated will be on sale on Tuesday

DON'T MISS IT!

No Treatment

I am a nurse, my husband is a research biologist. Having read the article by Harry Hopkins (JOHN BULL, November 22) we believe that those who oppose vivisection should be refused treatment from drugs produced as a result of experiments on animals.

And the children of anti-vivisectionists should be banned from receiving immunization against such afflictions as poliomyelitis, diphtheria, smallpox and whooping cough. Let them all take "pot luck."—MRS. S. LARGE, Goodmayes, Ilford, Essex.

Safe Space

Road accidents would be reduced if "Slow" and "Halt" signs were not placed at anything from zero to 150 yards from the junction.

In the interest of safety, these signs should be placed at a standard distance from crossroads. The motorist would then be able accurately to anticipate the danger zone at night—particularly in foggy weather.—A. E. OAKES, Manscombe Road, Allerton, Bradford.

"The placing of traffic signs depends on the average speed of the traffic using the road," says the A.A. "On 'fast' roads it's obviously better to allow plenty of space between sign and junction—and vice versa in the case of slow-moving traffic."

Frozen Travel

On every cold morning on the top of our bus up comes the conductor, who stalks down the passageway, muttering: "'You're like a lot of tomato plants in here," or "Phew! Aren't you all suffocated yet?"

Then he starts opening the windows, despite our protests.

I should have thought it was up to the passengers to decide whether they want to suffocate or freeze—not conductors with an obsession for fresh air.—J. L., London, N.13.

"This is a matter of common sense," says London Transport. "Passengers can normally adjust windows as they wish. But if the bus is not being properly ventilated, the conductor takes over."

Long Drop

A man employed by a firm of window cleaners tells me that they are obliged by law to wear safety belts while at work.

But, he says, many buildings

lack suitable fixtures to which belts can be attached. So the men seldom wear them and are sometimes prosecuted by the police. There is something wrong here.—MRS. K. KABELL, Moscow Road, London, W.2.

"Only too true," says the manager of a large window-cleaning firm. "But the regulation applies only if the building is directly over a public thoroughfare. If there is private ground below—such as a garden or a yard—no belt is required."

Bad Sports

It is pleasing to note that horse-riding is becoming increasingly popular. Although I am glad to think that man's best friend will not now suffer the cruel fate of the slaughterer, I am distressed by the number of people who oppose blood sports.

Why do they go out of their way to spoil the pleasure of others?—WILLIAM H. MELLEN, Eton College, Windsor.

Drink Up

Why are our children compelled to drink up to half a pint of milk at school each day.

My daughter dreads this episode

Free Speech

continued from previous page

during the winter, because the milk is so cold that lumps of ice sometimes float in it.

Admittedly, milk is good for youngsters and I am the first to encourage them to drink it. But why cannot it be delivered to their homes, where it could be warmed? And it would still be there during school holidays.

I am sure that teachers would be glad to be relieved of the task of distribution.

We are proud of our freedom, but apparently we cannot choose what is best for our children.—S. P., Worcester Park, Surrey.

Main Event

I came across a crowd of people watching workmen laying a sewer. Many of the spectators had brought their

lunches with them. Several made themselves comfortable by making a seat of a plank laid across two empty metal drums.

Soon after I arrived the foreman took off his hat and went round the crowd making a cash collection.

A few slipped quickly away. But the majority evidently thought the entertainment worth while, for they gave their coppers willingly.—W. GORE, West Street, Newbury, Berks.

Fast Draw

Many people refrain from buying Premium Bonds because they have to wait six months before qualifying for a chance of a prize.

Why not sell bonds with a sixpenny "immediate qualification" stamp affixed?

Such bonds would be eligible for the next monthly draw—subject, of course, to administrative requirements.—F. HAZELDINE, Park Road, Rochdale, Lancs.

Forgotten Days

My sympathy goes to the man who sighs for the "magnificent" scenes of days gone by ("Free Speech," November 29).

But is his picture quite fair? Surely it is infinitely more important that we no longer see barefooted children eating high tea of crust and jam on the streets.

Did a week go by in the old days without the sight of a drunken man staggering helplessly along the gutter?

In the street where I lived, we scarcely ever heard the happy bang of luggage as whole families set off for a fortnight by the sea. Not all who needed them could afford such things as glasses and false teeth.

Let us count our modern blessings, and not just dismiss them as dull. We are striding forward on a fine road.—F. J. NASH, Hayes Chase, West Wickham, Kent.

Best Present

We had our best Christmas present when we moved into our new flat the other day. It had been scrubbed clean—most out-going tenants leave premises like refuse heaps.

A letter was left for us, listing the local tradesmen and telling us where such things as the main gas tap were situated. And on the sitting-room mantelshelf there was a Christmas card for us.—D. MARSHALL, Heaton Moor, Stockport.

Art For Hire

For a long time I have wanted a good picture to hang in my dining-room, but have not been able to afford one. If an enterprising firm began a picture-hire service, they would do well.

Thousands of housewives long for good works of art—with a change every few months—but cannot buy them.

I realize that masterpieces could not be hired out. But what about those comparatively inexpensive copies?—MRS. MOLLIE PEACE, Highlands Road, Finchfield, Wolverhampton.

Some public libraries in the London area run picture-hire services for local residents. And the Artists International Association is willing to hire out pictures to provincial members.

Wrong Word?

The medical profession needs a substitute for the word "operation."

As a child, whenever I heard that anyone had to enter hospital for an operation, the very word was enough to send all sorts of frightening thoughts through my mind. And I am sure that many adults, especially the aged, are put into a state of similar apprehension when they hear the term.

As a substitute, I suggest that "physical adjustment" would sound far less awe-inspiring, yet mean precisely the same.—H. HAINES, Colchester Road, Leicester.

"It's not the word itself, but the imagined implication of the word which causes dread among some people," says a psychiatrist. "Thus any substitute for 'operation' would soon cause the same reaction as the original term."

The Chairmen

I am puzzled by the fact that, in industry today, administrative staffs are beginning to outnumber those engaged in production.

For example, I work at a skilled handcraft. Our methods have not changed in two hundred years, there being no way of modernizing them.

In the last twenty-five years, the number of craftsmen at my works has dropped by fifty per cent. Yet the rest of the staff has trebled.

Between the wars, this firm said it was only just holding its head above water. Now it looks as if it has money to burn.—S. H., Bexleyheath, Kent.

An administrator is constantly seeking to increase the number of staff working under him. And officials make work for each other. Those possible explanations are contained in "Parkinson's Law," a satire on big business and the civil service, by Professor Cyril Northcote Parkinson, published early this year.

Professor Parkinson gives the example of our colonial empire, which every year shrinks in size, yet annually contrives to increase its administrative personnel by 5.89 per cent.

Front View

I am a driving instructor and I have many former cyclists as pupils. To each of them I put this question: "Since you started to be a motorist, are you a better cyclist?"

The answer almost invariably is: "I certainly am, now that I know what a menace cyclists can be."—K. G. CARTER, Folly Bridge, Oxford.

Missing Coins

How many threepenny pieces were issued bearing the head of King Edward VIII? I have heard that all of them have been called in.—MRS. OLIVE LEWIS, Bloomfield Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13.

"So far as we are concerned, no Edward VIII coins of any denomination were issued," says the Royal Mint. "We were ready to begin making them when the abdication came. Coins of that reign were, however, issued in East and West Africa, Fiji and New Guinea."

As You Were

In twenty years of marriage I had never, until the other day, seen my husband buy a new hat. In future, I will try not to miss such a performance.

We stood before a mirror and a trilby was gently perched on the top of his balding head. I kept back a smile as it was whipped off, to be replaced by a wide-brimmed model. This slid gently over his ears.

Then my husband thought that he would try a cap. It lay flat on his skull and I burst into a laugh.

He had one more go—with a bowler. This amused the assistant, too, and my husband glared at our grinning faces.

He then decided to buy a hat exactly like the one he already wore.

Now I understand why men are so conservative about their clothes. They need a sense of humour to make a change.—E. H., Nechells, Birmingham, 7.

Escaping Time

The reference to the Durham Light Infantry ("Free Speech," November 22) reminds me of the time, years ago, when a certain "heavy" battalion was on an eighteen-mile training march on the north-west frontier of India.

One mile remained when the band of the D.L.I. arrived to lead in the battalion. They played their own quick time, compelling the weary men behind to march at unaccustomed speed.

When it was all over, the colonel of the battalion told the band sergeant: "We officers on horseback enjoyed the music very much. To show my gratitude, I am keeping my men on parade for another five minutes, so that you fellows can get away!"—M. J. G., Weymouth, Dorset.

Quiet, Please!

I believe that regular rest and meditation periods are beneficial for children. They should preferably be held in the middle of the day, in a relaxed atmosphere.

The habit, once acquired, must surely be invaluable in later life, now that there is so much bustle and rush.

I have experienced the benefits of relaxation and know that the greatest ideas were conceived in moments of quiet thoughtfulness.—MRS. G. MURPHY, Great Gaddesden, near Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

"Certainly children benefit from periods of physical rest—particularly after meals," says a consultant. "But they need only be of short duration, as youngsters soon recover from ordinary exhaustion. Meditation is a different matter. It would be difficult to persuade a normal child to meditate to order."

NEXT WEEK: Women in the news—the actress who is this year's Peter Pan, and the princess born on Christmas Day

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Christmas Day in the morning : Time for lovely surprises, for hugs and thankyou's, time to give presents you *know* people will like . . . like Week-End Assortment. Week-End suits everyone's taste. There's fruit jelly, marzipan and almond fouree, chocolate cherry cup, sugared almonds and a whole lot more, all delicious. Presentation boxes now in the shops, cost 10/6 for 1½ lbs. or £1 for 3 lbs. The year-round standard packs, dressed up for Christmas in gay new wrappers, are 2/9 for ½ lb, 5/6 for 1 lb. Week-End Assortment is made by Mackintosh's.

THE HOUR OF TRUTH

Beginning a great new romantic thriller by

Denise Egerton

APPOINTMENT

He was a smooth fellow, this man me, about my missing husband . . . and

ON the plane it had been cool, but Barcelona airport was a blaze of heat and sunshine as we stepped out upon the baked ground and trooped towards the airport buildings. There was an enclosure full of people, some of them waving as we advanced, and I searched for Adrian among them. I couldn't see him, but I told myself he would be about somewhere, ready to greet me when I was through with the routine of passport formalities and customs.

Then realization began to overcome me like a chilling mist. *I'll be waiting at the airport,* he had said in his letter. It took me, even at that point, a little time to accept the simple truth that he was not.

I STOPPED an official. "Please . . . *por favor,*" I said awkwardly. "*No entiendo. . . .*"

"Pardon me, but you seem to be in difficulties. Can I help?"

The voice from behind me was obviously English, and it sounded faintly amused. I turned to see a tall, sunburned man.

"Oh. . . ." I felt foolish, which annoyed me. "I was trying to ask him where messages would be left. My husband is supposed to be meeting me, but I think he must have been delayed. I——"

"Would you like me to find out for you?"

"I really couldn't trouble you."

"No trouble at all. What name is it?"

"Elvin," I said. "Mrs. Adrian Elvin."

He went to a long counter at the far end of the hall. I knew by the gestures what the answer was before his return.

"No message, I'm afraid."

I hadn't really expected one. I said: "Well . . . thank you anyway. It was kind of you to inquire."

"A pleasure," he said formally, and bowed himself away. I've often thought since how well he did it—his manner disinterestedly polite, so carefully underplayed. How could I have guessed. . . ?

I forgot about him and thought of Adrian's letter, which had been emphatic: "*. . . it would take you nearly three days by train, with the break at Paris to pick up the score from Cedric, and I just can't wait that long.*"

Now I felt rebellious. I'd had to fly, which I loathed, because Adrian couldn't wait, and now I had to cool my heels because he couldn't be on time to meet me. I was also growing uneasy. He could have been delayed by any one of a hundred minor calamities—but suppose it were something serious . . . ?

"Hullo! No luck yet?" My Englishman was back.

I made a resigned grimace. "No."

"It's disturbing for you." He stood frowning down at me. "Is there nowhere you can contact your husband?"

"I'm afraid not."

"What will you do if he doesn't come at all?"

I said rather coldly: "Of course he will come. He's just a bit casual about timetables, that's all."

"Somehow, you know, I feel a bit responsible for you." He hesitated. "You have friends here?"

I had to admit that I had not, that I did not even know whether we were booked at an hotel for the night.

My companion looked at his watch. "You were on the Paris plane, weren't you?" he said. "I was outside and happened to notice you coming across. It was late in—it's nearly an hour since you were due to land. You say your husband is casual about timetables. That casual?"

"I once waited an hour for him outside Leicester Square Station. In the end I found him in the restaurant where we were to dine—he was furious that I was late."

"I see." He smiled. "Well, if I can be of any service . . . help you make inquiries. . . ."

Sickness? Accident? Sudden death? "Perhaps a message has come through," I said brightly

I went myself this time, while he kept guard over my luggage. But of course there was no message. I could no longer conceal my dismay.

"May I make a suggestion?" the Englishman said. "I've a car outside—I've been seeing a friend off—and I could run you into Barcelona and we'll see what can be done from there. I have a little influence at the Consulate. And there are other sources of information."

I said: "But if he does come here, and I've gone. . . ."

"Leave a telephone number. This friend of mine has been staying at a little hotel near the Ramblas—the Hotel Rosario. I think I have the number on me. It would be more restful than here."

"Yes," I said doubtfully.

He met my look with a dry smile. "Perhaps I should introduce myself. My name's Frant." He produced a wallet. "Here's my card."

I studied the inscription: *M. Mallard Frant. Enriques Hns. Barcelona und London.*

I had by then decided that I liked the things about him that mattered—voice and bearing. I said: "It's very good of you. . . ."

We entered the city by way of an impressive thoroughfare which Frant told me was the Avenida de José Antonio. The Hotel Rosario was in the narrow Calle de Santa Ana, reached rather unexpectedly up a flight of steep stairs, so that the entrance lounge was on the first floor of the building. A bosomy señorita in a skin-tight black dress drowsed over her ledgers behind the reception counter.

At sight of Frant she came awake. "Señor?" she said warmly.

"We want to make some telephone calls, Lucia," Frant said. "And have you a room where the señora can rest? She has just flown in from Paris and is tired. We'll book it provisionally for tonight."

"*Si.*" She consulted a record. "*Numero trece.* On the second floor."

Frant turned back to the counter and said something in Spanish. The girl laughed. I wondered suddenly if they were laughing at me, flying several hundred miles to meet a husband who couldn't be bothered to turn up. And for some reason I was reminded of that evening when Adrian was supposed to have joined me at the Heywoods' bridge party and instead spent two hours in an espresso bar on Haverstock Hill discussing Hindemith with Cedric Sharne. All he said afterwards was: "Darling, Lydia Heywood is a waste of time. Any woman who wears tangerine hair with purple satin pyjamas should be painlessly destroyed."

FRANT spoke to me twice before I heard him. "I'm so sorry," I said, "I'm afraid I didn't. . . ."

"I asked if you'd like some coffee. Miles away, weren't you?" He gave me a sharp look and reached out to take my bags from me. "Give me those."

We went through an archway into another small lounge which had a few flowering plants in pots among the cane chairs and tables, and a fountain that threw a single jet of water into a shallow basin. There was a telephone cabinet in the corner where we sat.

"Take off your coat," Frant said, "you'll be more comfortable. Now where shall we start? In the first place, your husband is British, of course? And here on business or pleasure? I must know the background."

"Yes, of course. He's a composer. He came to Spain to finish the symphony he is working on . . . it's based on traditional Spanish airs."

"Then he must know the country well?"

"Oh yes, fairly well. He used to spend holidays here when he was a boy—an aunt of his married a landowner with estates somewhere near Tarragona, I believe."

"Is she still alive?"

"As far as I know. I've not met her, and I don't even know her address, but her husband's name was José Pertegaz. She is a widow now."

"Well . . . surely there are possibilities in an aunt? Has he stayed with her?"

THE truth obviously had to come out now. "Part of the time, perhaps. I don't really know. Actually we haven't corresponded since he left me in London about six weeks ago. He's not much of a hand at letter-writing and I think he's been moving about. Then I heard from him on Monday telling me to come straight out and join him here."

Frant took out a packet of cigarettes. When I shook my head he took one for himself. "You came in from Paris, didn't you, not London?"

"Yes. Adrian wanted me to see a friend of his—Cedric Sharne, the music critic—with whom he'd left part of the score of his symphony."

The coffee was brought by a young boy in a white jacket. Frant said: "Pour your own, Mrs. Elvin. I'll get busy."

He was nearly an hour on the phone. There was no one about. The whole place seemed dead and deserted. In the stillness and the silence there was only Frant's voice, patient and untiring, asking questions in Spanish or English.

At last he returned to the table and

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

IN BARCELONA

Frant. And he knew too much about about a man who was stabbed to death

The hour of truth

continued from page 6

sat down. "It's good so far as it goes. No accident case in the hospitals, no police report of incidents involving an Englishman. Don't worry. We'll find him."

"Oh, I'm not worrying," I said, and almost persuaded myself it was true.

Frant said: "Now I suggest that you go upstairs and rest—quietly, on your bed. I'll think round this aunt line and see if that'll lead us anywhere."

For the first time I was somewhere near tears. "You're so very kind," I said. "If it weren't for you. . . ."

"Don't forget these." He bent abruptly to my bags which he'd placed on a chair, the green zip overnight case and the black calf handbag with the gold initial, which had been Adrian's one decent present to me during our married life. He smiled as he passed them across. "I'm curious. 'S' . . . Sheila? Sylvia? Susan?"

"Stacey," I said.

My room was in semi-darkness and comparatively cool. I took off my suit and blouse and my shoes and stockings. The tessellated floor was pleasantly cool to my feet. There was a second door which I supposed was a bathroom, but it was locked, so I washed at the basin and then lay down on the bed.

The telephone roused me.

It was Frant's voice. "Any news?"

"No, nothing. Nothing at all."

"I'm speaking from downstairs, Mrs. Elvin. If you cared to, we might have another council of war."

At least, I thought, I was not alone.

"Will you give me ten minutes?"

"I'll be in the lounge."

I got my pale-rose, nylon dress out of my case. As I did so, my eye caught Adrian's score. I took it out and, kneeling on the floor, pored over the complex orchestration in Adrian's spidery script, wishing I were not so ignorant and could decipher it. Cedric Sharne had ringed some of the notes and scribbled illegible comments down the margins and across the top, and there in the right-hand corner was a star-shaped stain where he had spilled his Dubonnet when we were chatting in a Paris café.

It looked a mess, but it was a thing of infinite value, the foundation of Adrian's brilliant future, in which I believed so passionately. Cedric had confirmed it. "This is far and away the best thing Adrian's ever done," he said. "It's his future. Don't lose it, Stacey, whatever you do."

I did not ordinarily care for Cedric Sharne, with his straggly beard and dirty fingernails. But I knew that in the world of music his judgment was unquestioned and that he didn't give praise lightly.

I laid the MS. at the bottom of my suitcase and locked the case, slipping the keys in my handbag. I finished dressing, took a last look at myself, turned out the light and went down. Frant was in the lobby, studying a poster announcing forthcoming attractions at the *Plaza de Toros*. I recognized the back of his dark head.

As the lift doors slid open for me, he turned. For a moment he stared at me without speaking, almost as though he were looking at me for the first time. "You look better," he said.

"Anyway, I feel more rested. I obeyed orders and lay down."

"I'm sorry I woke you, particularly as I've little to report. Except that I've been checking up on Señora Pertegaz. I'll tell you about that. I wondered if you'd like a little air. It'll be cool enough now to be pleasant."

I hesitated. "Shouldn't I stay near the telephone?"

"They're very reliable here. You need have no fear of missing any message that may come through."

I still could not decide whether to sit tearing my handkerchief to shreds at the end of the telephone, or divert myself with a little mild sightseeing. Suddenly I felt that when Adrian was through with whatever it was that was occupying his attention, and could spare time to turn his thoughts to me—his wife—it would not worry me at all if he could not pick me up quite as easily as a parcel in the left-luggage office.

I said, a little breathlessly: "Let's go, then."

We strolled for a time through the busy streets and then sat down at a pavement café. Frant looked serious.

"I've traced the address of Señora Pertegaz," he said. "A housekeeper or caretaker answered the phone and informed me that Doña Isabel is away in Madrid and has been for the past week. From what she said, it appears that your husband hasn't been there at all. I'm afraid it doesn't get us very far."

I said: "Adrian's in Barcelona."

"Did he tell you nothing of his plans?"

Obviously it was useless trying to conceal anything. I said: "We had a dreadful row—the sort that can mean the end of everything. I wasn't sure that it hadn't."

"So he went to Spain," Frant said. "That's one way of resolving a crisis."

I got up and walked away, though my anger was for myself rather than Frant. I was ashamed of my disloyalty in exposing Adrian to criticism. I understood him if nobody else did.

"I'm sorry if I've upset you." Frant, with his long, unhurried stride, had no difficulty in overtaking me. But I did not answer him. I was lost and desolate and could not think what I was doing here, and the milling crowds through which I thrust my way seemed alien and hostile. I longed for my quiet, dark room at the hotel where I could sit by the telephone.

I had no idea how far we had walked, but thought that if I could get on a tram, I should be back quickly. Frant said something which I did not hear, and laid a hand on my arm. I shrugged it off and stepped into the road.

I did not see the boy on the bicycle until he was wobbling violently to avoid me. He careered into an old woman with a string shopping bag. The bag somehow swung out and crashed against the wheel of the bicycle, and a bottle of wine was decanted down my dress.

None of us was hurt. The boy dismounted and the old woman stood blinking among the wreckage of her provisions. *"Ay . . . ay!"* She pointed at my dress. *"Lo siento, señora!"*

Somebody kicked the broken glass aside while two young girls helpfully collected scattered vegetables and a loaf of bread. Frant spoke gently to the old woman. She calmed down, and then smiled. *"Gracias, señor. . . ."* Something passed between them. *"Muchas gracias . . . muchas gracias."* Comforted, she waddled off.

"No harm done," Frant said.

"Except to my frock." I gave an unsteady laugh. "I'll have to change."

"Don't worry about it. It will soon dry. We will sit down somewhere and have a drink, and then you'll feel better."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. "How can I possibly go about like this?"

"Honestly, nobody will notice. If you——"

I didn't listen to whatever else he said. I swung away from him and saw a tram coming up. I got on. I neither knew nor cared if Frant were following. The tram jerked forward. It was crammed to capacity, with passengers half-spilling out of the open windows. When I looked back, I saw Frant had boarded it, too. He was standing quite near me.

I was lucky. It was the right tram. I recognized the turning I wanted, got off, and half ran to the hotel. The lift was about to ascend. As the doors drew together, I saw Frant. He stared at me with a bleak, frustrated look.

After the brightness outside it seemed completely dark in the room, and I switched on the light. The first thing I noticed was that the bed had been turned down. The second, as my glance lifted across it, that the other door—which had been locked—was ajar.

I watched it close, swiftly, smoothly, without a sound.

For an instant I wondered if my eyes were at fault. I tried the handle of the door. Locked. I thought how absurd I was being. No doubt the chambermaid had left the room this way just as I had entered from the passage.

I let my hand drop, and began to peel off my wine-stained frock. My case had been lifted on to the luggage rack at the foot of the bed. I got my keys out of my handbag, intending to put on the black dress with the finely-pleated skirt.

I grew impatient when the key apparently jammed and would not turn. It was only after wrestling with it for a moment that I saw what the trouble was: I was trying to unfasten a lock that was already free.

I could clearly remember laying the score of Adrian's Iberian Symphony in the bottom of the case and locking the case and putting the keys in my bag. Abruptly, I unlatched the clasps and flung back the lid.

There was no question about any of it then.

My thin cotton house-gown lay on top and I snatched it up, pulling it round me as I opened my door and looked out. The passage was empty except for a plump, dark woman in a black dress and white apron, who was coming towards me with an armful of clean towels. She smiled pleasantly as she drew level.

"Buenas noches, señora."

"Do you speak English?"

"Oh. . . ." She looked doubtful. "Very leetle only, madam."

"Please come in. Was it you who turned down the bed?"

She nodded. *"Si."*

"Did you go out through that other door?"

"But no, *señora*. It is bathroom."

"Somebody just went through. They had been into my case."

She looked bewildered. "But the door is locked, madam."

"It is now, but I saw it close. Will you please open it?"

She plodded briskly across the room. *"Si . . . si . . . un momento."* And from somewhere beneath her large apron she produced a master key.

I don't know what I expected to find. I looked at the white-tiled walls, the speckless porcelain of the bath and basin, the gleaming towel-rails.

"That second door. . . ." I pointed. "Is that another bedroom?"

"Si." She opened it. "Is empty."

She stood aside so that I could see, but I was now not interested. I thanked her, a little feebly, for troubling her. She was perfectly courteous, but she gave an almost imperceptible shrug. . . .

Downstairs, Frant was talking to a thin man behind the reception desk. He said at once when he saw me: "What has happened?"

"Somebody has been at my case." I started to explain.

"Anything missing? Jewellery?"

"I haven't any. But I interrupted whoever it was, so——"

"You're sure about this, I suppose?"

I said rather bitterly: "You too? The chambermaid thought I was mad, though she at least was polite enough to try to hide it."

"But if they took nothing, what makes you think——"

"I'd laid Adrian's score flat on the bottom. It was pushed down the side. It must have been pulled out and

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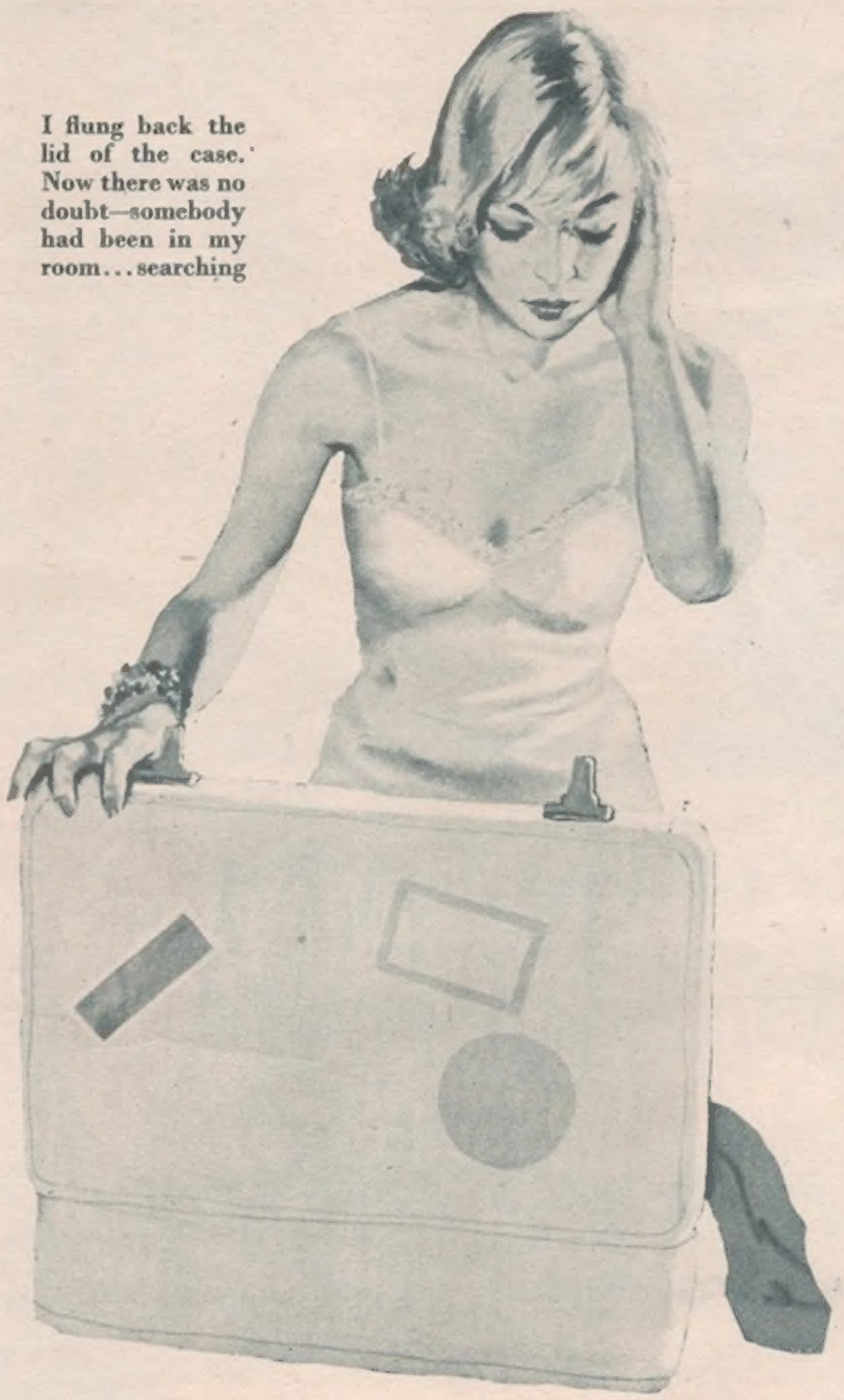

I flung back the lid of the case. Now there was no doubt—somebody had been in my room...searching

When Foster Dulles opens his mouth . . .

. . . he puts his foot in it, say his critics. His friends say his is the wisest voice in the West. Here is the man himself

FATHER, Mother and the three children were walking to church one quiet Sunday morning when Father got an idea in his head. He wondered if it was possible to balance his top hat on his stick, continue walking at a brisk pace and sing "Onward Christian Soldiers" all at the same time.

By the fourth attempt the children were hooting with delight, the Sabbatarian calm of New York's sedate 91st Street had been ruptured, and Mother was audibly wondering what would the neighbours think. Successful at the fifth attempt, Father turned to his spouse and said, jovially: "There's one lesson everyone round here has got to learn sooner or later. The Dulleses do not care what the neighbours think."

In the thirty-odd years since that incident John Foster Dulles has shown little apparent change in his attitudes. He is still not greatly bothered by the neighbours. He still has a propensity for balancing stunts. And all too often, it has seemed to his country's allies, he has carried out his stunts to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

As the members of the Council of Nato assemble in Paris this week, Dulles takes his place as one of the best-known — but least-understood — men in the world. His apparent conviction that in the conduct of human affairs he is right and all who oppose him are wrong has caused friction with European statesmen.

This conviction seems sometimes to blind him to the sensibilities of nations whose support he would welcome, besides depriving him of flexibility in the give-and-take of negotiations between big powers.

Critics among his country's allies are uneasy on another score. They say he talks too much, too often, in public. He has been accused of everything from tactlessness to recklessness.

A textbook case

If his Nato colleagues feel uncertain of Dulles they are not alone, for even in America he has proved to be the most controversial Secretary of State of the century. Regarded by President Eisenhower as "the wisest, most dedicated man I know," and by a political opponent as "a textbook case of foot-in-mouth disease," he is an enigma even to his most intimate friends.

A gangling, funereal-faced man of harsh, slurred speech, he is seventy, a grandfather, with iron-grey hair, a slight paunch, a stoop and a nervous tic in his left eye. He blinks both of his bright, blue eyes rapidly when he is thinking; he also sucks his teeth and works his jaw ruminatively. Reporters have known him to carry out this performance for half a minute before answering a question. The answer, when it has come, has frequently been baffling.

One day in 1954 an official went into Dulles's cavernous, rose-carpeted office in Washington with a grim budget of international news. Dulles looked through the documents, champing his jaw. At last he asked: "Who won the Davis Cup?"

The astonished official stammered: "Why, sir . . . we did."

The Secretary of State nodded. "Fine. It's time we had some good news."

He cannot abide over-zealous officials who tire him with information which he considers of trivial importance. On another occasion, bored during a conference, he rang for his secretary and asked her when she entered: "Do I need a haircut?"

Almost everyone in international diplomacy has a treasured collection of Dulles stories. Yet, despite the humorists and the army of clamant critics, he has held on to his job longer than most of his opposite numbers in the major powers.

Since he took office in January, 1953, there have been three Foreign Ministers in Britain, four in Russia and eight in France. Only Chou En-Lai in Peking has been in office longer, but

Gilbert Harding says...

I don't mind the clowns, but—

SOONER or later, probably later, much later, an enlightened Parliament may abolish or rather prohibit stag hunting. After all, it is not so very long ago that bear baiting, cock fighting and bare-fisted prize-fighting flourished: and no doubt the opponents of these disgusting so-called sports were regarded as cranks, busybodies and spoil-sports.

The R.S.P.C.A., which gets properly excited over cruelty to cats and dogs, is still weak-kneed and ineffective about the cruelty done to foxes and otters by people who think it amusing to chase these beasts and watch them torn to pieces by hounds kept for that purpose.

But the blood sporting fraternity keeps fairly quiet and nowadays at least tends to shun publicity. Much more harm is done by the unthinking thousands who take their children to the circus year after year, at ever-increasing cost, to look at noble beasts such as elephants, lions and tigers doing tricks which are wholly foreign to their nature at the barked command of some wax-moustached, over-dressed popinjay who punctuates his words with cracks of a whip, and who might much better devote his knowledge of animals to the service rather than the control of unhappy strangers from the jungle.

It is not with much pleasure that I look at eagles, baboons and polar bears in a zoo. But they are at least allowed to behave much as they like, and it is admitted that zoos are of positive value to the zoologists.

It cannot be a good thing for children to see dogs sitting up wearing hats, and having to jump through hoops. Nor is there anything particularly amusing in watching seals, which must prefer sea water to sawdust, blowing trumpets and balancing balls on their noses.

Whichever way one looks at it, and whatever arguments its promoters and addicts may produce, the circus is an unnatural entertainment, as far as the animals are concerned.

We are all cruel

We may as well admit that human beings are naturally cruel, but it is with horror in these days that we read about circuses with which the rulers of Rome, for example, kept people happy with bloodthirsty displays in the Colosseum.

There is little doubt that the Roman crowds got as much pleasure out of seeing Christians gobbled in the arena as some people get today from seeing horses gored by bulls, and bulls slaughtered by matadors.

And perhaps there may have been gladiators who engaged in mortal combat knowing that riches or death would be their reward. If a healthy young man is prepared to have his nose broken and his teeth knocked out and his brains punched into a porridge in return for £10,000 or more, that's his look-out. But what hope of escape or happiness have the big cats or even the fat ponies at the circus? None at all.

A friend of mine saw as a child a tiger mounted on the back of a horse galloping round the circus ring. The memory of the dreadful terror in the horse's eyes has never left him.

To hundreds of less sensitive children the spectacle was probably just as amusing as that of a pet pussy playing with a placid dog. But what about the horse? Even the sleek ponies which carry some somersaulting, tawdry, tinsel-clad ladies on their backs seemed to me as a child to keep their heads low, unnaturally low, as if ashamed of being used for such a humiliating and useless purpose.

Have we improved?

There are, after all, so many things that children can see which will amuse and excite them. Clowns throwing whitewash at one another, acrobats on bicycles or tight-ropes, or even Peter Pan.

These entertaining antics are done by people who needn't if they don't want to, by human beings who can stop doing it when they feel like it, and not by captive animals which have no choice and which can be sold to one inferior travelling show after another, and finally destroyed when they cease to perform properly.

There was a time when hundreds of people would flock to see a public execution. Less than two hundred years ago the lunatics in Bedlam could be watched by the curious who found it amusing to gloat over the snivelling, slavering unfortunates who had lost their reason. How far have we really advanced since those days?

By all means let clowns throw buckets of whitewash at each other. And if people want to pay to watch them do it—that's fine. After all, not many people can watch members of Parliament making fools of themselves in the House of Commons.

Circus owners, in this country at least, are alive enough to the possibility of prosecution to conceal any hint of cruelty in training. But many of these circus acts come from foreign countries, where people don't even pretend to be really fond of animals.

There may be, though I doubt it, a few animals which are content with the life of the circus, but I shall die unconvinced that the beasts of the jungle are happy in small cages, travelling wagons and in the fetid filth under the "big top"—any more than I shall ever think it amusing to tie tin cans to puppies' tails or to pull the wings off bluebottles.

Foster Dulles

continued from previous page

Mr. Dulles does not recognize Chou En-Lai.

The secret of Dulles's durability lies partly in personal qualities which are more visible and better appreciated in Washington than they are abroad.

It also seems possible that, although he has made some undoubted blunders, the American people have been able to recognize a deep vein of integrity in his uncompromising hostility to what he regards as the godless forces of Communism.

One observer has likened him to Captain Ahab, the mystical, towering figure of American literature. Ahab swore death and destruction to Moby Dick, the great white whale—a symbol of evil. He, too, had a short way with dissentients, was given to obscure pronouncements and frequently sailed his crew into hazard. The crew stuck by Ahab.

Dulles, like Ahab, revels in the task he has set himself. All his life he had wanted the job he now holds, and now that he has got it he exercises dictatorial powers over his officials in the State Department. An associate recently said: "Policy originates with Dulles. He conceives it, formulates it and carries it out from the negotiation stage onwards. He's a one-man band."

Such virtuosity has produced a crop of complaints from America's career ambassadors who say that they are employed merely as pick-and-shovel men. "For anything that demands more acumen than handing out aid," one commented ruefully, "J. F. D. flies in himself with his wife or sends a special envoy."

The Dulleses' air travels in the past six years—he and his wife have clocked up half a million miles, twice the distance to the moon—have kept America's foreign service network in a state of nervous suspense. "You're lucky to get twenty-four hours' notice of their arrival," said the chargé d'affaires at one American embassy.

Another State Department official said that for Dulles the aeroplane "has become more than a convenience; it is a temptation."

Some time ago, arriving back in Washington from Manila with his wife, Dulles found cables waiting which decided him to go to Bonn. A few hours later, leaving behind his wife and his secretary, both too exhausted to accompany him, he was in the air again, with a new relay of advisers, a relief secretary and a fresh set of nylon underwear.

In the plane (his four-engined Constellation Snowdrop) he followed his usual routine, changing into a sports shirt, baggy slacks and carpet slippers. By cocktail hour he was taking his familiar ease in the lounge amidships.

And so to Bonn

After dinner, munching his habitual peanuts, he read telegrams which had arrived since he took off. By 9 p.m. he was bedded down snugly in his blacked-out compartment in the rear of the aeroplane. Next morning the pilot reported the ground temperature at Bonn, and Dulles selected appropriate clothing. When the plane landed he stepped out, completely refreshed, relaxed and ready for work.

Once, on a hastily organized trip, officials found that his bedboard—Dulles has a spinal condition that necessitates his sleeping on a flat surface—had been left behind in Lima on a previous journey a few days before. Dulles made do with another, but found it so uncomfortable that his staff made the return of the original bedboard a top priority.

"It was the toughest supply problem I've ever had to handle," said the man in charge of the operation. "J. F. D. moved around so fast that the bedboard was usually one continent behind." It took three weeks to bring them together again.

"What golf is to Eisenhower, flying is to Dulles," says a man who has flown with him many times. "He finds complete relief and relaxation up there. It encourages him with his personal diplomacy. I heard him complain recently at the coming of jet-liners. He said they would cut down his thinking time."

Dulles's penchant for personal diplomacy, whatever it does to his enemies, frequently disconcerts his friends. He regards it as a necessary ingredient in what he has called "the necessary art of going to the brink of war and the ability to sidestep it." One of his cardinal beliefs is that he, alone among Western statesmen, has this ability and that his lifelong training has given him the right to demonstrate it.

Born to intrigue

His training has certainly been ample. His grandfather, John Watson Foster, and an uncle, Robert Lansing, were both Secretaries of State. The grandfather, a doughty Civil War general, exercised enormous influence over young Dulles. He wore a long beard and an air of omniscience and, at an age when other boys thrilled to stories of cowboys and Indians, young Dulles was held spellbound by his tales of what Ambassador X said to Ambassador Y in the latest diplomatic intrigue.

It was Grandfather who got young Dulles a job with the influential legal firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, where he settled disputes, raised loans and drafted constitutions for many countries.

He had equipped himself for this job by taking a three-year law course at Washington University and finishing it in two years with the highest marks that had ever been recorded there. When he is asked about this he is a bit apologetic. "I had a kind of knack of passing exams," he says.

This knack proved particularly useful to him when he took the New York State bar examinations in 1912. He was wooing the present Mrs. Dulles at the time and had promised to take her canoeing that evening. Noting that the time for the train that would enable him to keep his date was near, he calculated quickly that he had completed enough of the questions to pass.

He handed in his paper, sprinted for his train and kept the date. He passed, too. The incident illustrates the Dulles self-confidence and cool calculation.

This immense confidence has sometimes landed him in trouble. When he married, at the age of twenty-four, he went down with malaria, but announced firmly to doctors and press that nothing would make him put off his honeymoon.

Upon his return everyone was glad to see that Dulles no longer had malaria. He had a tic in his left eye instead. He had overdosed himself with quinine.

His habit of sometimes doing the wrong thing in a big way has never been more strikingly illustrated than in 1948 when, after throwing up a salary of £50,000 a year to make his bid for power, he came out strongly for Dewey as Republican Presidential candidate. Dewey was nominated; whereupon Dulles began to stake his own claim for the State Department.

It was all no use. Dewey lost.

At the age of sixty-one, Dulles found himself out in the wilderness (along with other leading supporters of the defeated candidate) with no job, no prospects and his lifetime's ambition apparently blocked. But for the next four years his strong attacks on the administration kept him in the public eye so successfully that when the Republicans did at last achieve power he was called to the State Department. He was the only prominent "Dewey man" to survive the earlier debacle.

Even more remarkable testimony to his stamina is the way he came through

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How much money do you give your children?

by ALAN LLOYD

DURING 1958 the adult world accepted without much protest an inflationary trend in children's pocket money. At one end of the financial scale, Middlesbrough Corporation raised the rates for children of eleven and twelve in its care to 3s. a week, Nottingham Corporation raised its rates for schoolchildren over fifteen in its care to 5s., and Leicestershire County Council gave seventeen-year-old schoolchildren for whom it is responsible a rise to 15s. a week.

At the other end of the scale, the Sultan of Johore allowed his daughter Tunku Meriam, who is nine, £30 a week and, in September, Miguel Ferrrras, a Cuban couturier, said that his schoolboy stepson, Tara Browne, was spending at the rate of about £700 a month.

Rising costs in sweet shops and toy shops—where purchase tax takes about twopence in every shilling children spend—and the higher prices of entertainment and travel, forced children of all pocket-money brackets to work on larger and larger budgets. In many homes pocket money was mortgaged a week or more before it was received.

Father locked out

At Brighouse, Yorkshire, last spring, one fourteen-year-old boy grew so desperate that he locked his father out of their house and refused to let him in until he pushed money through the letter-box.

While parents agreed that children required more money than ever before, just *how* much more they needed was the subject of varied opinions. The result of a survey carried out by sixth-formers at the Grammar School of King Edward VI, Morpeth, Northumberland, last summer, showed that pocket money in the first form ranged from 1s. to 12s. 6d. a week; in the sixth form from nothing at all to £1.

According to the same survey, the average pocket money for the whole school was 6s. 8d. a week, which rose from an average of 4s. 8d. in the lower forms, where the boys were aged between eleven and fifteen, to an average of 8s. 6d. in the sixth form where the ages went up to nineteen.

On top of this, nearly half the pupils earned money by doing jobs in their spare time, and the average for these earnings, which ranged from 6d. to 50s. a week, was 9s. 2d.

On this reckoning, the total income for a year in pocket money and earnings for children at just one school in the country was not far short of £10,000.

Alfred Maggs, the headmaster of a school at Upholland, near Wigan, told parents at his annual speech day last year that when he wanted to change a pound he walked up the corridor and asked one of the pupils. Maggs explained: "They are more likely than the teachers to have the money."

A revolution in pocket money has taken place in less than a generation. Twenty years ago an analysis of pocket money received by twenty-eight South Lancashire boys aged thirteen showed that six of them had 6d. a week or less, nine 1s. or less, six 1s. 6d. or less, five 2s. or less, and only two had more than 2s.

The figures, then considered unduly high, prompted one indignant reader to write to his newspaper: "What can be done for the misguided parents who ruin their children through indulgence?"

A year earlier, in 1937, a judge in the Carlisle County Court had ruled that 1s. a week was enough pocket money for a youth of eighteen.

Newcastle's education committee did not decide to pay pocket money to children maintained in its institutions until 1939, when it fixed a scale starting at a penny a week for children up to seven, and rising to 6d. for those over fifteen. As recently as 1942 the magistrate in a London juvenile court told a man who allowed his nine-year-old son 3s. a week: "You must be raving mad—he should be getting threepence a week."

Today probation officers and welfare workers still agree that too much pocket money often leads to disappointment in later life, and sometimes trouble of an immediate kind. But they are thinking in terms of pounds, not shillings.

In recent times a Willesden boy of sixteen developed such a sweet tooth on pocket money of £3 a week that he broke into a sweet shop and stole sweets worth 5s. 6d., while a ten-year-old child from East London, whose father gave him £1 a week, decided to increase his income by stealing rags.

Over-generous pocket money has given other children grown-up ideas. A woman who allowed her son of thirteen £2 a week told a London juvenile court that he considered himself old enough to leave home. "He needs someone to tell him he is still a boy and not a man."

It is usually fathers who spoil their children with too much pocket money. "Mothers are wiser on the whole—or poorer," says a probation officer. "Many parents still think that girls need less than boys when, in fact, teenage girls need rather more. They are a year ahead of boys in maturity, and it is important that they should be able to indulge their vanity in such things as trinkets, lipsticks and stockings."

Education and welfare specialists agree that regular pocket money is advisable for children from an early age, and that this should be regarded as a child's right, not as an inducement to work nor, by its withdrawal, as a punishment. Alan Jacka, the education secretary to the National Children's Homes, says that even a two-year-old child should have pennies of its own.

Most experts consider 1s. at the age of seven, rising to 2s. at ten, the minimum amount of pocket money children should get today. Harold Llewellyn-Smith, the headmaster of St. Marylebone Grammar School, London, says: "My advice to parents of teenage children is to add the digits of the child's age and give the same number of shillings.

"On the whole, too much is paid. Pocket money should be sufficient to keep small boys from being tempted to take what they want, and to prevent older boys from having to work when they should be taking part in school life."

When one promising pupil wanted to contract out of non-compulsory school activities in order to earn some spending money, Llewellyn-Smith had to give him pocket money himself to secure the boy's full attendance.

Teenagers' envy

Among teenagers, the pocket money situation is aggravated by the high wages young people can earn in many parts of the country. Not long ago a Bromley schoolboy of thirteen who was missing from home for two weeks got a job on a Yorkshire farm where, by hard work, he earned £9 10s. one week, £13 10s. the other.

Children are often quick to exploit any desire their parents show to "keep up with the Joneses." When the mothers of two eight-year-old schoolboy friends met in Petersfield, Hampshire, recently, one declared with momentary candour: "I wish you hadn't increased your son's pocket money. We had to do the same for ours."

"But ours said he got *less* than yours," the other woman replied.

Another woman, who sought maintenance from her husand in the divorce court, claimed 3s. a week for pocket money for her son of five. In the opinion of the judge, that was going too far. He allowed 1s. a week for the boy.

People of prominence tend to be firm in their allocation of pocket money. Mrs. Henry Brooke, the wife of the Housing Minister, who has four children, thinks that 2s. 6d. from twelve to fourteen years of age is enough, going up to about £1 at eighteen.

There is also a rigid scale for the children of James Hayter, the actor. Timothy, who is eleven, gets 5s., Caroline, nine and a half, 4s., and two younger children aged six and five get 1s. each. "There are no extras," says Hayter. "They have to pay for their own sweets, pictures—everything."

Other parents have no pocket money rules. Harry Secombe, the comedian, does not give his children, Jennifer, nine, and Andy, five, any set amount. Nor do Stanley Matthews, the footballer, or Jacob Bronowski, of "Brains Trust" fame. Mrs. Bronowski says: "For weeks on end we don't give the poor kids anything. I'm afraid we're very lackadaisical."

A Redhill schoolgirl, Diana Partridge, thinks that the ideal weekly amount of pocket money is 6d. for each year of a child's life, plus an extra 10s. if the child is expected to buy its own clothes.

And a seventeen-year-old day boy at a public school, Graeme Dunn, says: "I get ten shillings a week with which I pay for haircuts, shoe repairs, excess fares on my season ticket and subscriptions to a cycling club. Last winter I managed to save seven pounds."

According to Mrs. Mena Hooker, a senior official of the National Savings Movement and a former school teacher, who has much experience in the realm of junior finance, the richest children are found at secondary modern schools in heavily industrialized areas; the poorest in terms of pocket money at boarding schools, where many of their parents pay high fees.

At Welbeck Abbey, the pre-Sandhurst public school, boys get 4s. a week—an amount fixed by the members of the Army Council, whose childhood days are a rather distant memory—and at Cheam School, Prince Charles, among other boys, gets 2s. 6d.

The children at Summerhill School, Leiston, Suffolk—the original home of

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ROAD TO SOMEWHERE

by EDWARD LINDALL

WALLABY MARTIN, squatting on his lean old hams, punched the side of his right fist gently into the white creek sand. He used his thumb once, and the ball of his little finger four times, to complete the miniature print of a right foot. Then he switched to his other hand, and plopped a left footprint beside it. He had to push his shoulder down and forward, because that left arm was locked at right angles from the elbow.

His movements were precise, efficient. He watched the small prints grow with what seemed complete absorption. But when he looked up at the younger man sitting cross-legged before him, his eyes were keen.

"I'm not glad to have you with me this time, son," he said. "An' that's the truth."

Pete Kingston grinned tightly. "You're talking nonsense, Wallaby. You . . . of all men."

Wallaby bent his right hand round, and began another set of footprints, smaller ones, toe to toe with the others. "You're gettin' near the point of no return, son. You're gettin' to like the bush too much."

"So what?"

"So you'll be as crazy as me in another few trips," Wallaby said evenly. "Unable to live anywhere but nowhere. Bush crazy."

"BEING bush crazy isn't hurting you," Pete said. "It isn't hurting me, either. I like making roads, and I aim to go on for a long time yet."

"That's just what's wrong with you, son," Wallaby said calmly. "Roads don't mean anything, unless they lead to somewhere."

Pete Kingston leaned forward in sudden, tense seriousness. "I'm a surveyor," he said. "I don't deal in riddles."

Wallaby forced his stiff arm downwards to press toes on a print. The arm gave him his name. A bull camel had savaged him forty years before, leaving him with a stiff left arm fixed out like a wallaby's forepaw.

"I'm no riddle man either, son," he said quietly. "I'm talkin' fact. This road we just finished. Where does it go? From a copper mine down to Dead Chinaman to join up with another heading south. Then we start all over again some place else." He aimed a finger at Pete. "Our roads don't take *us* anywhere, son."

They were resting in the shade of a big blue gum rearing up out of the dry bottom of Chinaman Creek. The creek swung northwards there to make an elbow. Their camp was in its crook on the higher northern bank, just behind them. Four men were up there: three drivers and a cook.

On the southern bank, before them and almost at the elbow's point, Dead Chinaman drowsed in the sticky heat. Dead Chinaman was a general store conducted by an old man and his daughter. That was all. The Chinaman, a trader, was lying somewhere near the store. No one knew quite where. He had been dead for eighty years or more.

"You've saved enough money to take up some land and buy a small mob of cattle." Wallaby said quietly. He lifted his eyes to the squat stone building of the store. "We just had dinner with a man who would let you have the land, and his daughter's a fine girl that smiles at you out of her eyes like she fancies your last name. But you. . . ." The old man snorted. "All you want is to grub around the bush making dirt roads."

PETE had heard it all before. Ever since they had arrived at Dead Chinaman six days before, Wallaby had been pecking away at him, seeking to undermine his love for the bush, and sketching a picture of domestic happiness for him with Kendall Ridley.

It had become intolerable to Pete, for the girl had already caused a desperate tug-of-war within him. She was in her middle twenties, tall, slender, and with eyes as sensitive as mirrors.

"Wallaby," Pete said harshly. "Why don't you mind your own damned business?"

"It *is* my business," Wallaby said evenly. "It's every old man's business to try and give a kid the right steer."

Pete flushed. He wished that they had never come near Dead Chinaman. Wallaby Martin and the storekeeper were friends from way back. Jonas Ridley was in his early seventies, like Wallaby, but there all similarity ended. Wallaby was tall and alert, Jonas was chunky and stolid. Wallaby was a nomad, Jonas a sheet anchor. But they were friends, and when Wallaby, unasked, had raised the subject of grazing land, Jonas had been happy to do business. He had a large tract under government lease near the store. Good cattle land for a man who wanted it.

But Pete knew he was not that man.

"Now listen, Wallaby," he said. "Get this straight. Shut up about the girl, or I'll walk out on you."

It hurt him to say that. It hurt like hell, because they weren't boss and hired man, but more like father and son. They had been building dirt roads together for five years as a team, Pete going ahead to survey the routes.

They didn't build any fancy roads—the bulldozers simply pushed the scrub aside, and the grader smoothed the earth. There was no need for bridges. The creeks were dry for most of the year. The rains, for the main part, soaked through their porous beds into the vast artesian basin which, when tapped with bores, transformed thousands of square miles of desert into cattle land.

Cattle, Pete thought resentfully. *Who'd want to spend a lifetime playing nursemaid to a herd of wet-nosed, bawling cattle?*

Then he saw Wallaby using his knuckles to press a pattern of cattle tracks around the two sets of toe-to-toe footprints made earlier. He studied them for a moment, but was unable to read their story. It irritated him, because all tracks had a story.

"Well," he said at last. "What do they mean?"

"Big ones are a man, the small ones a woman," Wallaby said slowly. "They're kissin'. The cattle are lookin' on. Approvin'."

Pete leaned forward quickly and scrabbled his hand angrily through the tracks. He could feel Wallaby's eyes mocking him as he did it, and that made him worse. He leaped quickly to his feet and marched away up the creek bank, through the camp, out past the newly serviced trucks and dozers, to a quiet place upstream where a fallen gum tree lay along the bank. It was a young tree, not half-grown, but eroding floods had toppled it.

RESTING his foot on the trunk, Pete rolled a cigarette and, looking down, saw how the earth beside him was scuffled as from sitting feet, and that two lines of footprints came in and went away. One large set, and one small—the mute reminders of a girl who had sat there with him two afternoons before and talked of loneliness.

He stirred uncomfortably, pitched the cigarette away, and immediately wanted another one. Kendall Ridley's lips smiled gravely at him, and the desperation of that other afternoon battered him until all he wanted was to get out into the back-country where there were no perplexities.

"Uncle Alick tells us you're leaving soon," she had said, almost as soon as they were seated.

"Uncle Alick?"

"A title of affection." She picked up a water-smoothed stone and clattered it across the creek. "He's our oldest friend. Father and he worked together for years . . . before Father married and settled down at the store."

Her voice was musical and soft.

Pete turned his head to look at her. She was in profile, and he saw the tender line of her slender neck.

HE said, "You like it at the store?" He wondered if she noticed the unevenness in his voice.

"It's lonely," she said. "It's so lonely sometimes I could scream."

"Why stay?" he said.

"Father's old." she said simply. "He wants to stay near Mother's grave." Then she turned and smiled. "Besides, I don't like towns and cities. It's only sometimes that I want to scream."

The smile danced in her eyes.

"I think we'd better go," Pete said.

They walked along the sand and pebbles of the creek bed, side by side, not talking. At intervals, as their feet slipped on stones, their bodies touched and he became almost painfully aware of her.

"We won't be back this way for a year or more," he said, tentatively, awkwardly. "Perhaps, by then, you will have gone."

"A lot can happen in a year or more," she said softly. "Our trade is falling off. This was the roadhead, the only road, when Father built the store. But now there are others, and many of the cattlemen have planes. They fly in their own supplies."

She left him then and Pete had suddenly to crush an urge to run after her.

He drove himself to walk back to camp, telling himself over and over again that it was the way he wanted things, a life without ties. And by the time he had got back, he had persuaded himself that he was suffering from a slight infatuation, curable simply by moving out of range.

He was saying it all again now, fiercely, insistently, when he heard a

Kendall was the girl for would take more than

Pete was still grasping the rope which held the log as Kendall helped him over the parapet. "Pete, oh Pete," she said. "Why did you do it?"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Pete, but he was in love with the outback. It hell and high water to bring them together

Road to somewhere

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footfall behind him. Wallaby Martin was watching him out of still eyes.

"There's trouble clouds out over the hills," Wallaby said. "Bust clouds. So we're pullin' out tomorrow, in the piccaninny dawn. I want to know what you're aiming to do."

"I'm going," Pete said tersely.

"The trouble with being young," Wallaby said slowly, "is you can never look back at anythin', an' you never have enough sense to look forward."

"Drop it," Pete snapped.

Wallaby watched him carefully, then shrugged. "There's just one thing I want to say, then I'll shut up."

"Go on," Pete said stiffly. "Anything to stop you talking."

"It's just this," Wallaby said. "There's nothing poorer in this country than a footloose white man. You think those naked blacks are poor. But at least they've got their families . . . their lubras and their kids, like a man ought to have. They've got a home. Even if it's only a few sticks it's more'n I've got. More'n you'll ever have, if you go north again."

His words hit Pete like spears. He flared with anger. Bitter phrases came to his lips, but something in Alick Martin's eyes stopped them. Something Pete had never seen in them before. A sadness, a tiredness. It staggered Pete, throwing him off balance.

His anger disappeared. "Maybe after this job I'll settle down somewhere," he said lamely.

"I told myself that once," Wallaby said. "She wasn't waiting when I come back."

He turned and stalked away. Pete watched him all the way to camp, his mind in tumult, for in all their time together Wallaby had never as much as hinted at another life. He had thought, until now, that Wallaby was a man without a care, a bushman from way back. . . . Which showed, he thought now, how little one knew. . . .

He sat and smoked another cigarette, not tasting it, blankly watching its blue-grey puffs of cloud. He felt churned up inside, concerned for Wallaby and uncertain for himself. But when at last he sauntered back to camp, a camp packed to move, he felt the old excitement coming back. They were on the move again. . . .

It was somewhere after midnight when he heard the thunder, a vast cannonade of it to the westward. But the storm was miles away.

Then somebody was shaking him awake. "Pete. . . . Pete. . . ." Wallaby's voice, cold and sharp as a skinning knife. "The creek's down."

PETE leaped up from his blankets. Everything was hidden in the blackness of pre-dawn, but he didn't need to see. He could hear the roaring, sliding rush of water in Chinaman Creek. He dragged on his boots.

"All out! All out!" Wallaby kept shouting, and one by one the dark shapes of sleeping men lifted off the ground, grumbling and cursing. Then somebody started up a truck. Headlights leaped out and the truck swung around to face the creek.

The water was right to the top of the bank, raging along with all the fury of a cloudburst at its back. And all at once Pete was gripped by a fear for Kendall Ridley and her father. The bank was lower on their side.

"Get that blasted truck turned around," Wallaby yelled. "We're movin' out."

Pete whirled and grabbed him by an arm. "You can't leave now. The Ridleys might need help."

The old man stiffened. "I don't rat on friends. We're pullin' back to higher ground to wait for daylight."

They drew up on a sandy knoll some two hundred yards away. There was half an hour to dawn, and Pete had never known time take so long.

When dawn came—smudged grey at first, then bright, two people waved to him from the flat roof of the store. All about it was a sea of muddy overflow, lapping the window sills. In the foreground, the creek bored violently along.

Seeing its fury, Pete felt his fear increase. "Kendall," he muttered.

"They seem all right," Wallaby said. "We'll have breakfast and clear out."

Pete stood perfectly still, shocked and disbelieving. Then he turned slowly, his face set with contempt.

"So you're the man who doesn't rat on his friends?" he said hotly. "You'd leave them there, maybe to drown, so you can start your road on time."

ALICK peered up at him. "You got it bad now, ain't you, son?" He lifted his stiffened arm and rubbed his left ear. "What you fixing to do? You can't swim over to her."

Pete glared. "With a rope I could."

"You wouldn't get half-way."

"I could try," Pete snapped. "We have to do something."

"Sure," Wallaby said. "Sure. But a rope's no use. Even if you made it, you'd never get Jonas and the girl back."

Pete knew that was the truth, and it goaded his fear into desperation. There just had to be some way. "Don't tell me there's nothing we can do."

Wallaby looked at him carefully, slid his eyes round the waiting trucks, then back to Pete again. His thin, hard face seemed older.

Then it cleared. "There's somethin' I saw done up on the Diamantina once," he said. "It ought to work. These two fellers tied a rope around a fallen tree. One of 'em rode it across the river and picked up a couple of blackies. The other one used their horses to drag 'em all in." He paused. "We've got a 'dozer with a power winch."

Pete gripped him hard. "Let's go."

"You're sure about this?" Wallaby said slowly. "You want to go?"

Pete looked again at the two people perched on the roof. Old Jonas, square and chunky, and Kendall, beside him, seemed terribly alone.

He knew there was only one place in the world where he should be.

Before them, he could see the flooded creek tearing through the spreading waters of the overflow. It boiled fearfully at the bend just past the store, fighting to make the turn and get away. The water banked up solidly, and a strong current eddied back to pour through the road cutting.

This, Pete realized, was the way in, the wet road that would take him somewhere. If they launched their tree upstream and the winch held it near the cutting, the back current would drift it near the store.

"Uncork that winch," he said, "and I'll have them here for breakfast. We'll use the fallen gum."

Wallaby grunted. "I'll drive the winch myself. This is something that needs to be done right."

The men swarmed on to the truck to which the winch 'dozer was lashed. Pete jumped behind the wheel. They bounced and jolted fast upstream. Pete braked hard near the fallen gum and, by the time he and Wallaby had left the cabin, the men had got the skidway in position and had all but freed the 'dozer. They ran it down the skids and Wallaby took over.

He looped a wire rope from the winch drum round the tree, near the roots so that it wouldn't slip. Then he climbed up on the 'dozer, gunned the engine, and pushed the tree into the rampaging creek. Pete clambered aboard and sat astride, wrapping his arms around an upright branch.

"Good luck," Wallaby Martin said, and let the winch drum roll.

BUT Pete could neither see nor hear. He was swinging out, the gum plunging madly on its rope. He felt the power, the fury of the flood. It pushed and clutched and tore at him. The bodies of drowned animals swept past—a steer, a couple of kangaroos—for the tree was moving slower than the stream, held by the winch so the current would force it to the southern bank.

Then he was opposite the cutting, stationary, bobbing and swinging on the rope. He looked up at the store. The sun was up now and the store windows, catching it, almost blinded him. But above their flashing he could see Kendall and Jonas, craned over a low stone parapet, staring at him.

The tree swung slowly, almost sluggishly, just outside the back eddy he had reckoned on to take him through the cutting. He was in neutral water. But Wallaby wound him in, let him go with a fast rush like playing a game fish, and slapped on the brakes right opposite the cutting. The tree swung in.

The current eased quickly once through the cutting mouth. It drifted him along above the road. As he came opposite the store, Jonas Ridley threw a rope, and Pete started warping in to the front veranda. Then he slipped the rope round a branch and climbed quickly to the roof, grasping the rope's end in one hand.

Kendall was standing by the parapet, her face white and her eyes big as she helped him down. "Pete," she whispered, "Oh, Pete. Why did you do it?"

He wanted then to take her in his arms. But this was not the time. There was still work to do.

"Get a few things together," he said quietly. "And we'll take off again."

JONAS RIDLEY scratched his head. His homely face was solemn, his faded-blue eyes faintly puzzled.

"Right here's good enough for us," he said.

"Maybe for now," Pete said. "But what if the water rises?"

"What if it does?" Jonas Ridley said. He had big, square hands. He rested them on his knees and leaned stiffly forward, as solid as a block of stone. "I've been living here the better part of forty years. I built right here on the creek so I could dig for water, and get it, in the worst of droughts. I knew there'd be floods. We got a stone house under us, with foundations danged near through to Europe. And if too much water comes, I've got a boat tied out the back."

Pete stared, bewildered. Then he shifted his gaze to Kendall. The colour was back in her face and there was a slight, soft smile on her lips.

"That Wallaby's a strange man," Jonas said. "He knows this house. He helped me build it. He knows about the boat." He scratched his head again. "And still he let you ride a flood. It don't make sense."

Kendall moved in close to Pete. "Do you think that? Does it make any sense to you?"

Pete looked at her for a long moment; then his bewilderment cleared away. He remembered Wallaby's toe-to-toe footprints of two people kissing, and the empty sadness of his voice saying "She wasn't waiting when I come back."

He reached out for Kendall's hands, and as he did the tree's mooring rope slid from his grasp. He didn't even look. "When there's two risks," he said, "it's always sense to take the one offering the big reward."

Jonas Ridley noisily cleared his throat. "Seems like they're leaving you behind."

Pete turned to see the tree moving back towards the creek, the wire rope taut, and long ripples spreading as it bucked the current. Across the roaring creek he could see Wallaby Martin sitting at the winch, as proudly erect as ever.

WALLABY swept his good arm broadly to the north-west, and Pete knew that at the end of the movement he had snapped his thumb and forefinger. It was the Wonkajera tribesmen's sign-talk for a journey to a far-off place. It was also a farewell.

"Wallaby's in a hurry," Pete said quietly. "He's got a job waiting."

Jonas Ridley nodded. "Alick Martin always was in a hurry to take off for some place else." He looked at Kendall, and a faint, reminiscent smile touched his mouth.

"Reckon your mother would've married him instead of me, if he hadn't been like that." THE END

© *Edward Lindall, 1958*

See how it gleams, the tree from
the northern forest!
Towering as proudly here in a
city square
As it reigned on its native mountain, ancient in splendour,
Raising that taper spire to heaven
like a prayer.

Tonight from our pavements,
dazzling out of the darkness,
With jewel-glimmer on frosty
December skies,
It calls to children from mansion
and mews—an oasis
In a wilderness of stone.
So circle, with cries

Shrill in delight, or silent with awe
and wonder,
The dark-needled boughs now
winking with points of fire!
The bush burns anew for these
innocents: rapt-eyed, eager,
They crowd round the fir tree, and
kindle our own desire.

Burn, tree, on the night! Illumine
our darkened places,
Till brightness drives invading
shadows away,
And earth celebrates in light, with
these children's faces,
The Child of Love, once cradled in
stable hay.

The funny little man with no time for fooling

by FRANCIS HITCHING

CHARLIE DRAKE'S suggestions for one of his recent television comedy shows were grandiose: fifteen sets, numerous film insets, a cast of twenty-five—and all this for a half-hour comedy programme.

Ernest Maxim, the producer in charge of the series, which started last month, read Drake's schedule and said: "Looks wonderful, Charlie, but how on earth are you going to get fifteen sets on to one stage?"

Drake put a stubby hand in his pocket and pulled out a schedule he had prepared, showing exactly how the sets would fit.

"They weren't quite scale drawings," says Maxim, "but they certainly proved that the idea was feasible. It's hard work trying to pick holes in Charlie's ideas. The chances are he has sat down and worked out your objections in advance."

A determined clown who makes it clear that he has the biggest vested interest in his own success, Drake has a habit of catching people out—especially where his own career is involved.

This uncompromising conduct has carried him from obscurity to national stardom in three years. Once spurned by B.B.C. television, he was recently described by a show business acquaintance as "the complete comedian."

He writes most of his own scripts, insists on a final say in the hiring and firing of bit players in his shows, carefully chooses and records songs for the teenage market, and, on at least one occasion, has ventured into advertising. Asked to lend his voice for a filmed advertisement, he was soon inventing catch phrases of his own.

These activities will presently gross him around £400 a week. He has two years of a three-year B.B.C. contract still to run and is top of the bill in the London Palladium pantomime this Christmas. His first feature film is planned.

His public personality contrasts sharply with the mighty midget familiar to producers, fellow artists and studio technicians. He makes the most of a dumb moon face, big blue eyes, blond curls and his shrill plaintive voice to project a childish, innocent victim of a harsh world. "When the public aren't looking," says an actor who has seen Drake in action at rehearsals, "he couldn't be more different. Certainly nobody could afford to try to get the better of him. He's the boss, whatever his producers like to think."

At the end of the first show of his recent B.B.C. series, Drake was besieged by admirers. He tolerated their praises, but within minutes had made sure that he was alone with his scriptwriter, a rugged Londoner named Dave Freeman. "I'm not happy about the next show," he said in a voice pitched noticeably deeper than that known by his public. "It's not funny enough. Let's do something about it."

Freeman's half-hearted protests were ignored. Drake rang his wife, who was waiting for him at their newly bought £10,000 house at Weybridge, Surrey, and announced that he and Freeman would be working late.

The two men finished at five o'clock the next morning, by which time they had shaped and half-written an entirely new script. Then Drake went out and bought some newspapers, which without exception praised his previous night's show. Satisfied, he went home and slept till noon.

Such habits do not surprise those who have known him a long time. Only a few months after signing his first major contract—for a year with Associated-Rediffusion—he parted with his two scriptwriters. The break came only twenty-four hours before the show was due to go on the air. Drake sat down and, overnight, wrote a new script himself.

Didn't know his age

Yet there are times, particularly away from his work, when Drake is a vague little man who seems incapable of a burst of energy. For the last two years he has been unable to find his driving licence when the time came to renew it. When he filled in an insurance policy on his life, he gave his age as thirty-six; a month later, when insuring his house, he gave it as thirty-three. When the insurance company inquired about the discrepancy, he blithely refused to admit that it mattered much.

Some of the people who have worked with him have found it hard to accept these idiosyncrasies. This year, Michael Henry, who was his stooge in his summer season at Weymouth became infuriated by Drake's changes from lethargy to frantic enthusiasm.

Several times he called a rehearsal for 10 a.m., then aimlessly chattered and drank coffee until three in the afternoon. At that point he eagerly started work and carried on non-stop until late in the evening.

Says Henry: "Once Charlie starts work, he gets so tied up in it that he just doesn't realize that other people may not feel the same way as he does. We worked one night until I was so hoarse I couldn't speak. He didn't worry a scrap, didn't even seem to notice, until he realized that I might not be able to rehearse the next day."

Other actors have heard Drake lash out at what he regarded as inefficiency. Once during rehearsal he hit an actor so hard on the head with a metal frying pan that a large and painful bump

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In panto or on television Charlie Drake is a high-powered clown. He'll stop at nothing to get the laughs

Our armies get bogged down in muddle

Bad planning in Sicily and confusion in Italy. . . . The Allies paid the price for their needless mistakes—in heavy losses and a longer war

Allied war leaders at a planning conference in North Africa in June, 1943, shortly before the invasion of Sicily, with the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, presiding. Left to right (with their ranks at the time): Anthony Eden, General Sir Alan Brooke, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, General Alexander, General Marshall, General Eisenhower and General Montgomery

I LEFT Tunisia for Cairo on April 23, 1943. Orders had been received that when the Axis Powers were turned out of Africa, operations would be developed to knock Italy out of the war. It was decided that the first step was the capture of Sicily.

As I flew to Cairo I pondered on the future. In the Eighth Army we did what we liked. We dressed as we liked. What mattered was success, and to win our battles with a minimum of casualties. I was pretty tough about mistakes, and especially mistakes which cost lives; I would allow no departure from the fundamentals of the master plan. But I let subordinate commanders do as they liked about details and didn't fuss about the wrong things.

Until we had burst through the Gabes gap and emerged into the plain of Tunisia it was a private war run by the Eighth Army; we made our own plans and adjusted the time factor to suit the problems. Alexander let me run this private war in my own way and supported me to the hilt.

But we were now round the corner and had joined the main body of the forces in North Africa. We had got to learn to adjust our way of doing things, our very behaviour, to a larger canvas —to the war as a whole—and this would often mean, would probably generally mean, compromise.

Second Front looms

The Eighth Army was now to be taken to sea by the navy, and then had got to learn to fight in Europe, in close country. We all knew that the Second Front in Europe, the invasion across the Channel, was looming ahead.

Possibly Sicily was to be, in a sense, a rehearsal.

I was determined to ensure that the Eighth Army was never launched into battle with a bad plan, and that the lives of officers and men were not thrown away in unsound ventures.

I knew from what Major-General de Guingand, my chief of staff, had told me that there had been already seven plans for the assault on Sicily. Plan No. 1 was produced by the Joint Planning Staff in London in January, 1943.

De Guingand met me at Cairo and the next day I was given a presentation of the plan for the invasion of Sicily as finally proposed by Alexander's headquarters. This could be called Plan No. 8.

The naval commander responsible for landing the Eighth Army in Sicily was Admiral Ramsay, known as Bertie Ramsay. He was a grand person and I had known him when he was Flag Officer, Dover, and I had been commanding the South-Eastern Army. Later we worked together on the Normandy landings. It was a real tragedy for us all, and to me a great personal loss, when he was killed in an air crash in France early in 1945.

I listened to the presentation of Plan No. 8 and quickly decided that it would not do. The Eighth Army was to land in the south-east of the island in a wide arc stretching from a point just south of Syracuse, southwards round the Pachino peninsula, and then westwards to Gela. The Seventh U.S. Army was to land in the extreme north-west of the island, astride Trapani. Such dispersion was obviously based on meeting only very slight resistance.

I decided to send a signal to Alexander saying I could not accept the proposed plan for the Eighth Army, and to put forward instead a new plan—No. 9.

I sent a signal to Alexander on April 24:

"Planning to date has been on the assumption that resistance will be slight and Sicily will be captured easily. Never was there a greater error. Germans and Italians are fighting well in Tunisia and will repeat the process in Sicily. . . . We must plan for fierce resistance, by the Germans at any rate, and for a real dog-fight battle to follow the initial assault.

"I am prepared to carry the war into Sicily with the Eighth Army, but must really ask to be allowed to make my own army plan. My army must operate so concentrated that corps and divisions can co-operate. The whole initial effort of the Eighth Army should be made in the area between Syracuse and the Pachino peninsula. Subsequent operations will be developed so as to secure airfields and ports. The first thing to do is to secure a lodgement in a suitable area and then operate from that firm base. . . .

"I must make it clear that the above solution is the only possible way to handle the Eighth Army problem with the resources available."

Naval chief riled

I expected my signal to produce immediate repercussions in Algiers, and it did!

The next day Ramsay received a proper "stinker" from Admiral Cunningham, the naval C.-in-C. working with Alexander. He was rather upset; but we had a good laugh over it and he agreed that I should send the following signal to Alexander:

"I hear that Cunningham and Tedder have told you they disagree completely with our proposed plan for the Eighth Army assault on Sicily. I wish to state emphatically that if we carry out the suggested existing plan it will fail. I state on whatever reputation I may have that the plan put forward by me and Ramsay will succeed."

I then left Cairo on April 26 and returned to my H.Q. in the field in Tunisia. On arrival, I found I had a high temperature and went to bed in my caravan with influenza and tonsillitis.

Meanwhile Alexander had called a conference at Algiers for April 29, which Ramsay and I were to attend. I was in bed, so I wired to Cairo that de Guingand was to go in my place. His aircraft had a forced landing at El Adem, and he was removed to hospital with concussion. I then asked Oliver Leese to go and he got there safely, and in time.

The conference produced no result. Tedder said that if the initial bridgehead did not include the airfields at Comiso and Gela, then his air forces could not operate effectively. This led Cunningham to say that unless the air forces could keep the enemy aircraft away, then the convoys could not operate.

Alexander was unable to get inter-Service agreement, and the conference broke up without coming to any decision.

I had previously wired to Alexander saying I was anxious to see him about what could be done to finish off the war in Tunisia quickly, so that we could get

on with planning the campaign to be fought in Sicily.

He came to see me on April 30. I was still in bed. When we had dealt with the war in Tunisia, he told me about the conference at Algiers the day before. I said something *must* be done, and suggested a full-scale conference at Algiers on May 2; I would be well enough by then to fly over to Algiers and state my case. Alexander agreed.

Alexander held up

I arrived at Algiers on May 2 to find that Alexander could not get there; mist and low cloud prevented his flying from his headquarters. I suggested we might hold the conference without him, but Cunningham and Tedder would not agree; they were quite right, since to have done so would not have been fair to Alexander.

I began to wonder what could be done. I went to look for Bedell Smith, chief of staff to Eisenhower.

He was not in his office and I eventually ran him to ground in the lavatory. So we discussed the problem then and there.

He was very upset; he said that for political reasons it was essential to reach a final decision and then get on with the job.

I said it was far more important to do so for military reasons, and that I could give him the answer to the problem at once; he asked me to do so.

I said the American landings up near Palermo should be cancelled and the whole American effort put in on the south coast, astride Gela and west of the Pachino peninsula, with the object of securing the airfields that were considered so essential by our air forces. The Eighth Army and the Seventh U.S. Army would then land side by side, giving cohesion to the whole invasion.

Bedell Smith said there would be no difficulty whatever in doing what I suggested. We then left the lavatory and he went off to consult Eisenhower, who liked the plan but quite rightly refused to discuss it with me unless Alexander was present. The air forces liked it. The navy planners were a bit suspicious, and were doubtful whether the American forces could be supplied over the beaches for any length of time. There was no good port on their front of assault, or anywhere else.

I next persuaded Bedell Smith to assemble a conference. I said it could be a staff conference, and I would sit in with the staff; then when Alexander arrived the next day, the staff could present an agreed plan to him and his brother commanders-in-chief.

So this was done.

I presented my case; everyone agreed with it. I had now got Eisenhower and his chief of staff on my side. But Eisenhower quite rightly refused to come to a decision until the plan was recommended to him by Alexander and the other commanders-in-chief.

When the conference was over, I returned in the evening to my operational H.Q. in Tunisia to await events.

At midnight the next day, May 3, I received a signal from Alexander saying that Eisenhower had approved. At last we could get on with our work, with a firm plan.

All resistance in North Africa ended on May 12.

Field-Marshal Messe, the Italian C.-in-C., who succeeded Rommel in the overall command, surrendered to the Eighth Army on May 13; he had dinner with me that night before going on to his prison camp, and we discussed various aspects of the battles we had fought against each other.

A trip to England

I decided then that I would go to England for a short holiday before the Sicily campaign began. I also wanted to see the 1st Canadian Division which was to land direct on the Sicily beaches from the U.K. We should not see them until we were fighting alongside them. This obviously needed buttoning up beforehand.

I left Tripoli in my Flying Fortress on May 16, arriving in England on the seventeenth. I enjoyed the visit, and especially my time with my son, David.

One thing made me feel lonely. A Thanksgiving Service for the end of the war in Africa was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on May 19; I was in London but was not asked to attend.

It was explained to me *after the service* that it was desired to keep my presence in England a secret. Yet to my delighted surprise, wherever I went I was followed by crowds.

The incident made me realize that if I was pretty popular with a lot of people, I was not too popular in some circles. Perhaps the one explained the other.

I returned to the Eighth Army via Algiers, and met the Prime Minister and the C.I.G.S. there on June 2; I did the journey from London to Algiers in one day in the Flying Fortress, in daylight. The P.M. was determined to knock Italy out of the war. He cross-examined me a good deal about the plan for Sicily. I expressed confidence in our plan and in our ability to carry it out.

This was only natural, since it was my plan!

While in England I had been told that the King was going to visit the forces in North Africa in June. He arrived in Africa on June 13 and came to Tripoli on the seventeenth to see the Eighth Army, or as much of it as was there.

He stayed with us in our camp on the

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Montgomery

continued from previous page

seashore some miles outside Tripoli, and I think he enjoyed the visit. We certainly enjoyed having him with us; he put us all at our ease and was in splendid form.

On the day he arrived he gave me the accolade of knighthood in the lunch marquee near the airfield.

On July 8 the Prime Minister sent me a telegram: EVERY GOOD WISH AND ALL OUR CONFIDENCE GOES WITH YOU AND YOUR SPLENDID ARMY.

We landed in Sicily two hours before dawn on July 10. The story of the campaign in that island has been told frequently and I have already described it myself in *Alamein To The River Sangro*.

The men of the Eighth Army enjoyed Sicily after the desert. It was high summer; oranges and lemons were on the trees; wine was plentiful; the girls were disposed to be friendly.

Scourge of malaria

It was very hot and the mosquitoes were unpleasant; indeed, they were a menace since they were the malarial type. Our medical discipline was not good as regards the regular parades for taking preventive medicines that are so necessary in such conditions. We suffered almost as many casualties from malaria as we did from enemy action.

The men in back areas discarded all possible clothing. I well remember an incident that occurred one day as I was driving in my open car up to the front. I saw a lorry coming towards me with a soldier apparently completely naked in the driver's seat, wearing a silk top hat. As the lorry passed me, the driver leaned out from his cab and took off his hat to me with a sweeping gesture.

I just roared with laughter. However, while I was not particular about dress so long as the soldiers fought well and we won our battles, I at once decided that there were limits.

When I got back to my headquarters I issued the only order I ever issued about dress in the Eighth Army. It read as follows: "Top hats will not be worn in the Eighth Army."

It was in Sicily that I gave up the Flying Fortress. We had got away from the large airfields of Africa and there were few in Sicily on which such a large aircraft could land safely. We nearly crashed the day I landed at Palermo to visit General Patton. So I asked Eisenhower if he would kindly change it, and he provided instead a Dakota with a jeep inside it—which was far more useful.

I think everyone admitted that we learned a great deal in Sicily. In some cases possibly all that was learned was how *not* to do certain things. But all in all, the experience was invaluable to us all.

But the campaign had an unsatisfactory ending in that most of the German troops on the island got away across the Straits of Messina to Italy, and this when *we* had complete air and naval supremacy. This was to cause us great trouble later on when we went into Italy. It seems to me worth while, therefore, to try to discover what was wrong.

Co-operation vital

The operation involved planning a major seaborne assault, incorporating the establishment of a beach-working system of maintenance, without any previous experience of an operation of this magnitude. Simplicity, care and close co-operation between the Services and Allies were absolutely vital.

Although orders for the invasion of Sicily were received in North Africa in January, 1943, *the plan was not finalized till May, two months before the operation's D-Day.*

The responsibilities for the mounting of the operation, and embarking ports, were most complicated.

Signals between Cairo, Algiers and London often overlapped or were contradictory.

Above all, there was confusion in the army-air planning, and especially with regard to air photographs. There was a representative of the superior Air H.Q. (North Africa) at Eighth Army H.Q. in Cairo. But he had no executive powers and no experience in army-air operations.

The executive air commander, who was supposed to plan the assault and initial stages of the operation with my headquarters, was in Malta — very occupied with current operations. This air commander and his staff were expert in island defence and coastal operations; they had no experience of using air power to assist the tactical battle on land.

The expert in working with the Eighth Army was the Commander of the Desert Air Force (Broadhurst) and he sat virtually unemployed in Tripoli; he did not come into the picture until we were firmly on shore and his squadrons could be moved to Sicily.

It will always be a wonder to me how my staff competed with all these dreadful problems, many of which should never have been allowed to occur.

The method by which the campaign would be developed once the armies were on shore, and how the island would finally be reduced, was not decided. In fact, there was no master plan. As a result the operations and actions of the two Allied armies were not properly co-ordinated.

The Seventh U.S. Army, once on shore, was allowed to wheel west towards Palermo. It thereby missed the opportunity to direct its main thrust-line northwards in order to cut the island in two: as a preliminary to the encirclement of the Etna position and the capture of Messina.

Heavy casualties

We took some five weeks to complete the capture of Sicily, and the Eighth Army suffered 12,000 casualties. With close co-ordination of the land, air and sea effort we would, in my view, have gained control of the island more quickly and with fewer casualties.

Eisenhower came to stay with me in Sicily when the campaign was over; we always enjoyed his visits and he charmed us all with his friendly personality. He had only one A.D.C. with him, a naval officer called Captain Butcher.

I had established my Tactical Headquarters at Taormina, in a lovely house overlooking the Straits of Messina. At dinner one night discussion turned on how long the war would last, and Eisenhower gave it as his opinion it would all be over before Christmas, 1944. It was clear to me that it *ought* to be over by then. But after our experiences in the planning and conduct of the Sicily campaign I felt we had much to learn. I believed in my heart that the Allies would make such mistakes that the war would go into 1945.

So I asked Eisenhower if he would like to bet on it, as I would bet against it. He said he would and the bet was written out by Captain Butcher for a level £5, being signed on October 11, in Italy, during his next visit.

A few days before Christmas, 1944, when we were fighting on the threshold of Germany, I sent Ike a message saying it looked as if he owed me £5. He replied saying he still had five days left and you never know what can happen in war.

He sent me the £5 on December 26.

We had much fun that night at Taormina and I remember asking Ike, to his great amusement, if he had ever been told that the final plan for Sicily had been put forward in an Algerian lavatory!

If the planning and conduct of the campaign in Sicily were bad the preparations for the invasion of Italy, and the subsequent conduct of the campaign in that country, were worse still.

The decision precisely where we were to land was not firm till August 17, the day on which the campaign in Sicily ended. So far as the Eighth Army was

It took British troops five weeks to capture Sicily, and it cost the Eighth Army 12,000 casualties. Better co-ordination of land, sea and air forces, says Montgomery, could have speeded its fall—with smaller losses

concerned I was to launch it across the Straits of Messina on August 30, but was given no "object."

On August 19 I insisted that I must be told what I was to do in Italy. My object was given on August 20, ten days before we were to land in Italy.

Originally it was intended that the invasion of the mainland was to be carried out by the Eighth Army only, on a two-corps front. Landings were to be made as follows: Operation Buttress, in the area of Gioia Tauro, on the north coast of the toe; Operation Baytown, a direct assault across the Straits of Messina.

Towards the end of July a third operation began to be considered in the Salerno area; this would be called Operation Avalanche.

In my view, Avalanche was a good operation to carry out; everything should have been put into it from the very beginning and all endeavours concentrated on making it a great success. This was not done.

On August 17 it was decided that Buttress would not take place; my 10 Corps, which was to have carried it out, was put under the Fifth U.S. Army, which was to carry out Avalanche.

So by August 17 it was decided that two armies would invade the mainland of Italy: Eighth Army, across the Straits of Messina—Operation Baytown; Fifth U.S. Army, at Salerno—Operation Avalanche.

Our troubles now began.

In order to bolster up Avalanche, landing-craft began to be taken away from Baytown. I could not proceed with the planning of Baytown because I had no senior naval officer or any adquate naval planning staff.

I protested, and got Alexander to add his protests to mine; but they were without result and finally the carrying out of Baytown as envisaged became impossible.

On August 20 I received a statement from Alexander laying down the object of Operation Baytown: written in his own handwriting on a half-sheet of notepaper, which I still have.

Alexander's orders

"Your task is to secure a bridgehead on the toe of Italy, to enable our naval forces to operate through the Straits of Messina.

"In the event of the enemy withdrawing from the toe you will follow him up with such force as you can make available, bearing in mind that the greater the extent to which you can engage enemy forces in the southern tip of Italy the more assistance you will be giving to Avalanche."

This "object" is worth examining. No attempt was made to co-ordinate my operations with those of the Fifth Army, landing at Salerno on the night September 9-10. It was not visualized that the Eighth Army would go farther than the Catanzaro neck, a distance of about sixty miles from Reggio. Our resources were cut accordingly.

What actually happened is well known: the Salerno landings were very soon in difficulties; I was asked to push on and help the Fifth Army, and administrative troubles then built up around my army.

Eisenhower ordered a conference of his commanders-in-chief at Algiers on August 23, and I was summoned to attend. At the conference I was asked to explain in outline my plan for Operation Baytown. This I did.

I said that the naval delays had made it impossible for me to carry out the operation on the night of August 30-31.

I had now got the necessary resources in craft and naval personnel and could carry it out on the night September 2-3: the navy, however, had told me the earliest they could manage was the night September 4-5.

Eisenhower suggested to Cunningham that he should go at once to Sicily and sort it out, adding that we must aim to get the operation launched on the night September 2-3.

Cunningham left the conference at once and flew to Sicily. As a result of his visit the navy agreed to do the operation on the night September 2-3.

Having settled that matter, Eisenhower told us of the negotiations going on with the Italian Government about an armistice. The Italians had said they were fed up with the war. It seemed that at a given moment they were prepared, if we would land on the mainland of Italy, to come in with us and fight the Germans.

I remarked that this looked like the biggest double-cross in history. I argued that the Italians would never fight the Germans properly; if they tried to they would be hit for six; the most we could hope for from the Italian Army was assistance in our rear areas and non-co-operation with the Germans in German-occupied areas.

I looked forward to landing on the mainland of Europe on September 3, the fourth anniversary of the outbreak of the war. We were about to enter the fifth year of the war and there was still much to avenge.

The story of the operations in Italy has been told by many writers and an official history will doubtless appear in due course. But I have learned that official histories, and dispatches, almost inevitably miss the "inside story." So let us have a look at it from the inside.

Troubles soon began

The initial landing went well; there was little opposition and we were quickly on shore. But our troubles soon began once we had got some little distance northwards; the country generally was ideal for delay by the action of small units co-ordinated with skilfully sited demolitions, and the Germans took full advantage of this.

On September 5, Alexander flew to Reggio and I met him on the airfield. He told me the Italians had signed our armistice terms on September 3, but no announcement was to be made at present. The further plans and arrangements were to be as follows:

(a) At 1800 hours on September 8, Badoglio from Rome and Eisenhower from Algiers would broadcast the fact that the Italians had surrendered unconditionally.

(b) At 2100 hours on September 8, American airborne troops would land near Rome. At the same time the city would be seized by the Italian divisions in the vicinity.

(c) The Italian Army was to seize Taranto, Brindisi, Bari and Naples.

(d) At 0430 hours on September 9 the Allies would land as follows: Fifth U.S. Army—at Salerno, for Naples; 5th British Corps—at Taranto.

Alexander was most optimistic and was clearly prepared to base his plans on the Italians doing all they said. I asked him to move away from the other officers who were with us, and then gave him my views.

The following is in my diary, written that night:

"I told him my opinion was that when the Germans found out what was going on, they would stamp on the Italians. The Italian Army morale was now very low; that army would not face up to the Germans. I said he should impress on all senior commanders that we must make our plans so that it would make no difference if the Italians failed us, as they most certainly would. They might possibly do useful guerrilla work, sabotage, and generally ensure complete non-co-operation on the part of the local population. But I did not see them fighting the Germans.

"The Germans were in great strength in Italy and we were very weak. We must watch our step carefully and do nothing foolish. I begged him to be careful; not to open up too many fronts and dissipate our resources.

"Rommel is in charge in Italy and I have fought against him a good deal; he has twenty divisions, of which five are armoured. If the landings at Salerno go against us, we will be in for a hard and long fight. We will have to fight the Germans by ourselves as the Italians will not do so—not yet, at any rate.

"Before we embark on major operations on the mainland of Europe we must have a master plan and know how we propose to develop these operations. I have not been told of any master plan and I must therefore assume there was none."

I also discussed with Alexander the time factor. It was essential to do what we wanted in Italy before the winter set in. Also, we must be certain that our administration in rear was commensurate with what we were trying to achieve in front; but it wasn't. Alexander listened to what I said, but I do not think he agreed.

We all know what happened. The

continued on page 35

The baby

They had always trusted Gajpati. And always he had proved worthy—until a child's life was in his care

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BERRY

GAJPATI was a very fine *shikar* elephant, ten feet tall, and staunch with tiger. Most government elephants are females, but he belonged to the forest department and was employed in the Himalayan foothills where he transported the Conservator on tour.

He could go where jeeps and ponies could not, such as across prodigious rivers and through close-knit jungle. Sometimes he was required to beat the heavy grass for tiger, and sometimes he minded the baby son of his mahout.

How easily these big, patient creatures can kill a man, and sometimes do—in the past they have been used as executioners: nearly all animals are gentle with the babies of other species, though, and elephants more than most.

But besides that, Gajpati loved his master Karim with unselfish devotion, and was grateful for words of praise. So that if the elephant was doing nothing when the woman had the water to fetch, or dinner to cook, either she or Karim would draw a circle in the dust in front of the tethered animal, and put the baby into it.

"Keep him inside there, oh Lord of Elephants," they ordered the big tusker, who gently restrained the child if he tried to crawl away.

Karim was proud of his son and his elephant. Had there ever before been such a baby? Such skin of wheaten fairness? Such shining black eyes and hair? As for the elephant, was he not the biggest, best and most intelligent in all Asia?

One evening, after a day among thorns, this mahout brought his elephant swinging into camp with a tiger's body roped on the pad. The tiger, a noted cattle killer, had been shot over his last kill—a poor man's only cow—and Karim was delighted to be bringing the carcass into camp for skinning.

Gajpati was not so delighted. He loathed tigers, dead or alive. The live ones he tried to kill by trampling them; the dead ones he carried home only because he loved Karim and was anxious to please. This present tiger had had to be got out of thick thorn, too, where it had died, which had added to the trials of the day.

When the tiger had been unroped and allowed to thump to the ground, Gajpati got quickly to his feet and wheeled away at once, thankful the hated task was over. And Karim pointed out suddenly: "Why, he is lame. I thought so, as we were coming home, and now feel! His leg is hot."

They extracted a thorn like a two-inch nail from the tusker's foot. This meant surgery, and though Gajpati wept, his confidence in his master was perfect, and he did not injure those at his mercy who were cutting his flesh.

When it was over, he rested the leg that had been hurt, but he was easier; especially when, unsaddled, he was led to the river and allowed to slush and drink. Beautiful water washed his wound, washed away the smell of tiger and all the cares of the day.

But they were marching tomorrow to a new camp, so, after inspection, the Conservator ordered: "Rest him tomorrow, Karim, and catch us up the next day or the one after. We shall be one night at Ramscote and then at Patairpani."

So all the camp moved on in the morning, leaving Karim and his wife and baby son and elephant behind. Two days later, the wound had drained and closed and Gajpati was sound again, so the little family set out to rejoin the others.

Elephants like being ridden through jungle. They can pluck fresh leaves, with all sorts of different tastes, as they walk along, and there is no hurry. But presently there was the big Rapta river to ford. Karim decided to cross where they were. It might have been better to go downstream to Bakhrighat where the river broadened and shallowed and anyone could get over, but that was five miles away. An elephant can do only ten or fifteen miles a day, so that a ten-mile detour would have meant an extra day's journey.

"We shall cross here and camp on the far bank," Karim decided. "That will give me time to go into the jungle and cut his fodder for the day." Time to make camp, too, and collect the grass, firewood and water that would be needed.

IT was a slow crossing, the river being strong. It frothed up the elephant's flanks as he felt slowly forward among boulders for foothold. Men and horses—even boats—would have been swept away, but presently they were safe out on the other side, and Karim chose their camping place; not too near the water because of mosquitoes.

First he cut grass and bamboos to put up a little temporary hut for themselves, while his wife gathered sticks for a fire, and three stones the right shape for a fireplace. She gave the baby curds and wild honey to eat, picking it over first for bits of dead bees. Then Karim took Gajpati to get fodder. They returned presently with a load of it that almost hid the elephant from sight, and tipped it under a tree. Karim tethered the animal to the tree, out of the sun.

They had brought sugar cane along with them in the luggage, so now the mahout slipped pieces of it here and there into the fodder they had cut, intending that his elephant should not get it all at once. Gajpati, however, had no difficulty in finding it and eating it first.

HE liked bananas, too, and he could smell some in the *dahli* of vegetables and fruit which they were carrying along from the headquarters' garden for the use of the Conservator in the jungle. But Gajpati's very favourite of all were those melons with lots of sweet pink water inside, and he could smell them, too. Melons, however, he almost never got.

The woman took the big earthen jar and went off towards the river to fill it. "See after the baby while I am gone," she called over her shoulder to her husband, and disappeared from sight.

After a while Karim got to his feet and looked in the direction she had taken. He put his hands round his mouth and shouted out: "Come on, then! Come *on*! I am hungry."

When there was no reply, he shouted again, then listened. At his yell, every jungle sound had stopped except the roar of the river, and now there was only this.

Quite suddenly Karim, with his heel, marked a circle in front of the elephant and put the baby into it. "Look after him, Gajpati!" he commended the elephant. And he ran off at full speed to see what had happened to his wife.

Gajpati fed peacefully on the pile of wilting greenery—six hundred pounds of it—which he had fetched from the jungle as his day's ration. There was a constant movement of legs, ears, tail, trunk. Every now and then he helped himself to a new branch, dusted it against his forelegs or used it to whisk away flies, then swept it sideways through his mouth to take the leaves off, when the huge grinding teeth chumped them up. He weighed more than four tons. His legs were like trees—his tracks twenty inches across—and he had more than once stamped a bear to a pulp.

Under his trunk, next to the immense toenails, the baby lay and laughed up at the elephant, and reached for the leaves as they were swished over him. He could do as he liked, but each time he tried to crawl out of the circle, he was picked up and put back in again.

His parents had many ambitions for this little boy. He would be a great mahout. He would sit his first elephant before he was six years old. He should have splendid food and gorgeous clothes—blue silk, stiffened with silver thread. But just now he was mother-naked.

Gajpati kicked dust into his trunk and blew it over himself each side, and over his back and along his belly. Sometimes he flicked a little dirt over the baby, too, to discourage flies, as female elephants do to their new-born infants. His master valued this crumb of humanity, so Gajpati did, too. He watched and fed, and sometimes drops of green spit fell from his pointed underlip on to the baby's tummy and tickled him.

They were perfectly contented together, these two. Here, inside the cool of the tree, with the detailed beauty of near branches hanging down upon a mist of far hills and hot sunshine, time meant nothing to either of them.

But presently it was evening. Suddenly the sun was red behind trees, and then it was gone, drawing over it a sky of velvet and diamonds. Immediately the air was colder, mosquitoes could be heard.

The baby began to cry.

LOW hills with much open grassland as well as trees, made up this country. At the fall of dusk the animals who inhabit such places began to move. The first jackals howled, porcupines popped out of their burrows. In the thorn a panther stretched. There was the whoop of an eagle-owl. These, however, would be unlikely to harm a human baby.

But also, out of their holes, came the hyenas.

Not far away, in the rough grassland, there was such a den. Originally it had belonged to a porcupine, but a pair of hyenas had taken it over, enlarged the place and scattered the entrance with the remains of their disgusting meals.

The male hyena emerged now to see what the night would bring. He was a scavenger of other people's leavings—of decomposing carrion and animals dead from disease, a cannibal, an eater of skeletons. But also he would pick up any small helpless creature he might find. In India, hyenas take human children every year.

He stole out of his burrow and stood silently sniffing the night air for news of food. His mate came up out of the den, too, and also an almost full-grown young one, for this was still a family party.

These big scavengers were three feet at the shoulder, and five feet long, with rough striped coats of dirty grey, shaggy along the backbone which sloped from

sitter

"Fool! Traitor!" raged Karim. "So thou wouldst escape then? Was the baby nothing to thee . . . ?" He took his axe and hacked at the tree, trying to free the trapped elephant

There's an

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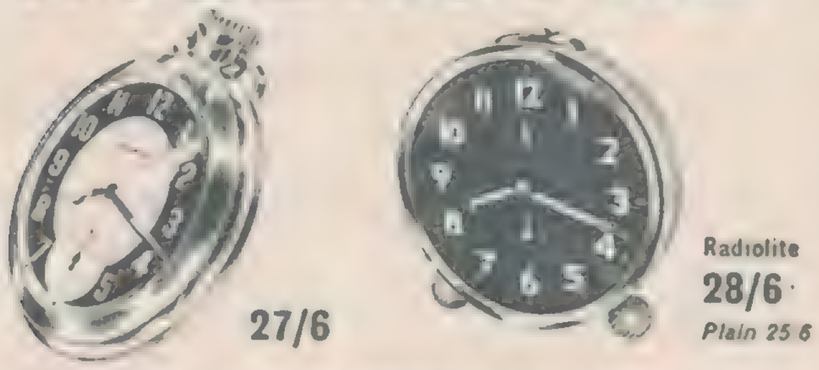

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The baby sitter

continued from previous page

powerful shoulders to low quarters. They made no sound as they stood there, listening and sniffing, but sometimes the lip lifted a little to show perhaps the most powerful crushing teeth in the jungle.

Now the bold and useful but loathsome beasts were out ready for the night's work. They heard the baby crying, and trotted off towards it.

In camp, Gajpati was beginning to be agitated about the child. He realized that something was the matter, but what? He offered the baby a mouthful of leaves. No use. He smelt about for tit-bits, and found a stub of sugar-cane fallen from his own mouth, with one end crushed and juicy, but the baby would not take it.

He put up his trunk and trumpeted for the owners of this baby to come back and do something about it. They did not appear. Instead Gajpati scented the hyenas. He froze, and felt the breeze with his trunk to find out more.

There were three of them, he discovered. Out of sight, but quite close.

He lifted the baby closer.

An elephant's scent is acute, but his vision poor. It was not till the hyenas were in the camp that Gajpati saw them. The sight made him range angrily, straining his bands. He stepped back and then lunged forward at a fast stride. Slam—*bang* went the chain as it squeaked a groove into the bark of the tree. Into the leg, too.

All this time he knew exactly where the baby was, beneath him, under his belly, or between his forelegs.

The hyenas were nonplussed. One sat down out of reach and fixed his bulging nocturnal eyes on the child. The others began to circle round behind. Gajpati wheeled to face this lot, and the sitting one edged a little closer.

In sudden exasperation, the elephant put his forehead against the tree, and braced the whole of his giant strength against it. The roots groaned.

GAJPATI swung back and made for the sitting, encroaching hyena, which sprang smartly away. The ones behind him darted at the baby, so he wheeled towards them instead. They jumped out of reach again.

He attacked the tree again. It shrieked as he strove against it, but now the baby was yelling, too, at the top of his lungs, and blindly trying to crawl away anywhere, so Gajpati gave it up. He backed and shook his head, and gathered the baby to him.

Changing his tactics, he then stood perfectly still, close to the tree.

The hyenas were hungry, bold, and not prepared to play this game all night. They began to close in. They were watching the elephant with respect, but they did not interpret the lifted foreleg, nor the muscles tightening inside the loose skin. They did not allow for the slack of the chain.

Next moment Gajpati struck. Although so huge and slow, he moved like lightning, and in a moment he'd got one hyena fighting under his forefeet. Almost at once the struggle was over, the body stamped to a pulp. With a squeal of triumph and rage, Gajpati threw the smelly carcase aside. It scattered the others, who made off, leaving elephant and baby in peace for an hour or two.

Pillowed in dust, and exhausted by hunger, the little boy lay half-sleeping, half-sobbing, and sucked at the stub of sugar-cane which Gajpati had again offered him. Then, warmed by the elephant's sweet breath, he slept.

Gajpati relaxed above him. False peace reigned around them. A little after midnight Gajpati dozed.

PRESENTLY, the baby stirred, sat up, and began to crawl away. He was out of reach when the elephant woke.

In the grey of early morning, Gajpati saw the hyenas coming back, and the baby several yards away. He forged out to the full length of his range. Iron links bit into his flesh.

The hyenas saw their chance and darted in. At the same moment the great tree gave and, with the crack of parting tendons, smashed down upon elephant and baby together. Branches and rushing leaves obliterated them both.

The violence and destruction sent the hyenas off in a flash. Now it was warming into day and they did not return.

When Karim and his wife ran gasping into camp, they saw only the fallen tree and Gajpati under it.

They tore their way into the leaves and branches. Beneath it all, the child lay sleeping in the curl of the elephant's trunk. He was very dirty, hungry and scratched, but whole.

And Gajpati lay with closed eyes.

"Fool! Traitor!" raged Karim. "So! Thou wouldst escape, then? Was the baby nothing to thee, that thou wouldst break loose and leave him?"

He took his axe and began to free the elephant.

His wife was still trembling after her night's adventures. To have dropped her water-jar into deep rapids had been bad enough. Then she had tried to recover it, only to be swept off downstream a mile before she could land somewhere on the opposite bank.

After that, darkness had come upon her as she made for the ford at Bakhrighat, four more miles downstream. Karim, for his part, had seen the water-jar lying in deep, clear water, and realized his wife must have been swept away. He had raced off down river to look for her, but was overtaken by night and lost in the jungle when he made the agonizing decision to stop looking for his wife and cut back through jungle to the baby instead. At dawn they had found each other as both rushed home.

Now, panting and grunting, Karim cleared the branches away and undid Gajpati's chain.

"He will die," choked the woman.

But the elephant lifted his head, then his shoulders. He got his front feet on to the ground and heaved up, bruised, bleeding and shaking.

"Thou son of an owl!" Karim told the animal bitterly, insulting him and his mother together. "Son of a pig!"

The big elephant stood and sucked his trunk in shame and remorse.

"*Look!*" gasped the woman.

Where Gajpati had heaved himself free of branches, they had opened to disclose the body of a hyena, and hyena tracks were everywhere.

"I——" began Karim. He turned to his elephant. "Thou——"

In a minute or two he began to talk to him, to apologize and praise. He used words that made the animal lift his head and blink.

After that, it is to be regretted, Karim and his wife opened the *dahli* and fed to the elephant the bananas and vegetables and fat corn cobs, and the big melons intended for the Conservator of Forests. THE END

© *Norah Burke, 1958*

Men at Work

Good planning can double the value of your workshop

says ROGER SMITHELLS

At last we have a workshop with elbow room. David operates the Bridges bench saw, while I try out our new Wolf Safetymaster drill, and there's still room for another member of the family farther down the bench

ON show at this year's Do-it-yourself Exhibition was the smallest workshop in the world. Into this neat, painted cabinet on wheels were packed all the tools, bench, vice and equipment that any home handyman would be likely to need. Without one square foot of workshop the owner of this magic box could tackle a full-scale construction or repair job. Yet the whole thing could fit unobtrusively into the corner of a respectable sitting-room.

This cabinet is a striking display of the handyman's will to live. In a minimum flat or a pint-size villa the do-it-yourself addict will somehow contrive to carry on.

To me no home is complete without a work place. Living in twenty-one homes has meant contriving twenty-one workshops. Pretty odd spots some of them were, too, ranging from an igloo in the attic to a Monte Cristo-type dungeon. In our new home we have the most promising workshop of the lot—you see it in the picture above. It is a big semi-basement with room for everyone. But before we could use it we had to lower the floor. The Smithells family comes in six-foot lengths and our workshop ceiling was too low for any of us to stand up straight.

However large or small your workshop it can be twice as useful if the space is well planned. So here are some suggestions which may help you if you are tackling the job for the first time or want to improve an existing layout.

The ideal workshop is a whole room or shed where tools, materials and equipment can be stored permanently. A large attic, a small boxroom or an old basement larder, kitchen or coal store is the next best thing. The big advantage of such a place is that you can fix permanent racks and you don't have to pack up when you leave a job.

First step in planning is to put your bench in a good light. Under the window is the best place. If this is not possible place the bench to the right of the window. For artificial light choose a fluorescent lamp which gives a good, evenly distributed illumination. Place it above and slightly behind the bench to avoid casting a shadow when you lean over the bench.

A mobile light can be made by fixing a length of curtain rail to the ceiling over the working area and fixing a light to a runner, with the flex hitched to a further series of runners. A cord tied to the end runner (*not* to the flex) will enable you to pull the lamp where you want it.

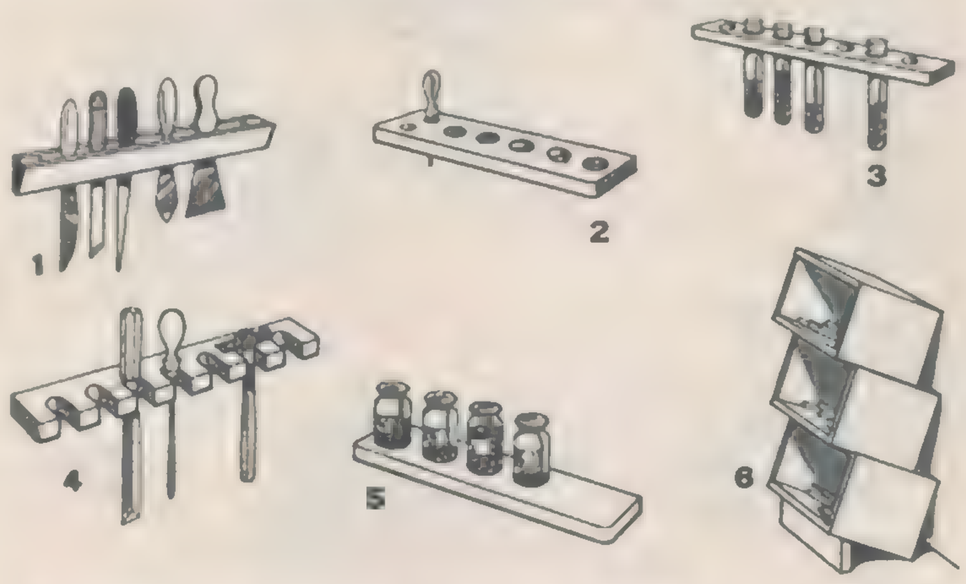
• • •

Space planning is equally vital whether your workshop is large or small. Allow enough space on either side of the vice for such operations as planing long pieces of wood. The best place for the vice is on the centre line of the room. To leave enough room for sawing keep the bench away from the wall.

The attic or roof space presents a special problem. Headroom is limited, so special care must be taken in positioning the bench. Place it just away from the point of maximum height so that you have enough room to stand and still do not bang your head when you lean forward.

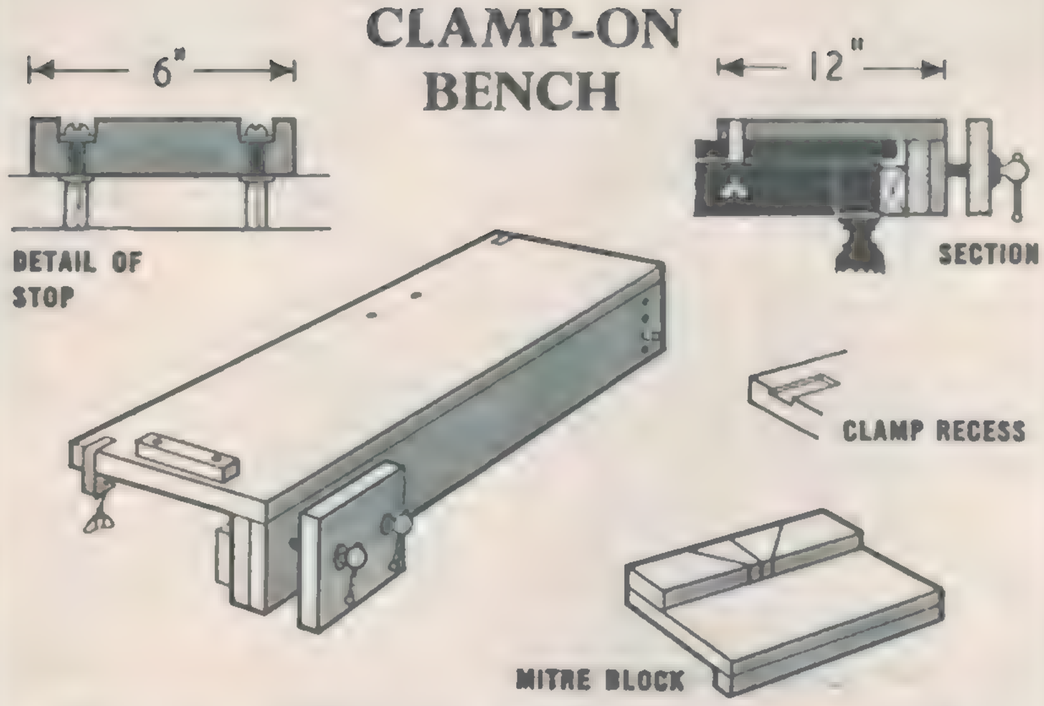
Tools are best stored in racks and on shelves. If tools are stored in drawers the one you want is always at the bottom and digging it out is damaging to tools and hands. I have found three types of rack really successful. The most versatile is a batten of wood, about ¾ in. by 2 in., with holes of various sizes drilled in it into which the tools are dropped. Some tools, such as hammers, fit better into notches cut in a similar batten. Knives, plaster knives and strippers will fit well

RACKS AND BINS



1. Two battens, spaced ¾ in. apart and tapering to ½ in. For knives, scrapers, etc. 2. A batten with holes drilled to suit the sizes of the tools. 3. Corked test tubes. Ideal for panel pins, tacks, etc. 4. Notches in a batten, for hammers, mallets, etc. 5. Keep screws and nails in labelled jars, one row deep. 6. Boxes stacked at an angle. For offcuts and short lengths

Pocket-size workshop. A Stanley "Do-it-Yourself" tool kit, at £12 10s. 6d., and a Hobbyfix all-purpose vice, at £7 10s.



With this table attachment you can do most construction jobs. Made of beech or pine, it is held to the table top by two "G" clamps. The back plate of the wooden vice has been cut down to leave the front plate level with the top. The bench stop is fixed with Rawlnuts and has two positions

dropped between two thin battens spaced about ¼ in. apart at the top and tapering to about ⅛ in.

Saws are better hung on hooks. I hang mine on a pegboard panel where the hook positions are adaptable. The best pegboard hooks have a screw adjustment and cannot jump out when the tool is removed.

Planes, mallets and mitre blocks and other solid tools should be kept on shelves. Drill bits, punches and such small tools can be held in blind holes drilled in a block of wood.

Spring clips make smart-looking tool racks, but I have found that the careful placing necessary to get the tool into the clip becomes a nuisance and one tends to drop the tool in, as into a hole.

Wood storage can be an awkward problem where space is limited. If not carefully stored, timber may warp and bend. One of the basic principles of wood storage is not to allow long runs of plank, or beadings, to sag. Keep them, if possible, lying flat on a surface. There is seldom room in any workshop to keep all timber on the floor, but a slatted tray that can be hauled up to the ceiling on pulleys is a good alternative. Be sure to fix the pulley to a solid beam in the ceiling.

Boards will not suffer if stacked against a wall fairly upright. Solid wood is seldom used in large pieces, and the composite woods are less liable to warp or twist. Keep small pieces of wood, such as off-cuts, in bins or old fruit boxes. Stacked at an angle, as illustrated, the contents are easily visible and accessible and will not fall out.

Atmosphere and temperature change can affect timber. To prevent warping and splitting by drying too fast, keep the room at as near a constant temperature as possible. Electric strip heaters are probably the best form of workshop heating. They are economical and, because there is no exposed element, safe from fire risk, but do not put them too near the stored timber.

I store screws and nails in jam jars ranged single file on a narrow shelf. It is economical to buy screws by the gross and the labels from the boxes can be stuck on to the jars with glue or Sellotape. Put a piece of blotting paper or rust-preventing paper in each jar. For panel pins, tacks, pins and very small screws use toughened-glass test tubes with corks. These test tubes have a lip and can be kept in a rack of holes.

If you have power tools, or electrical equipment such as soldering irons or glue pots, you will need a power point installed near the bench. If you will use more than one of these tools at once install a board with two or three plug sockets.

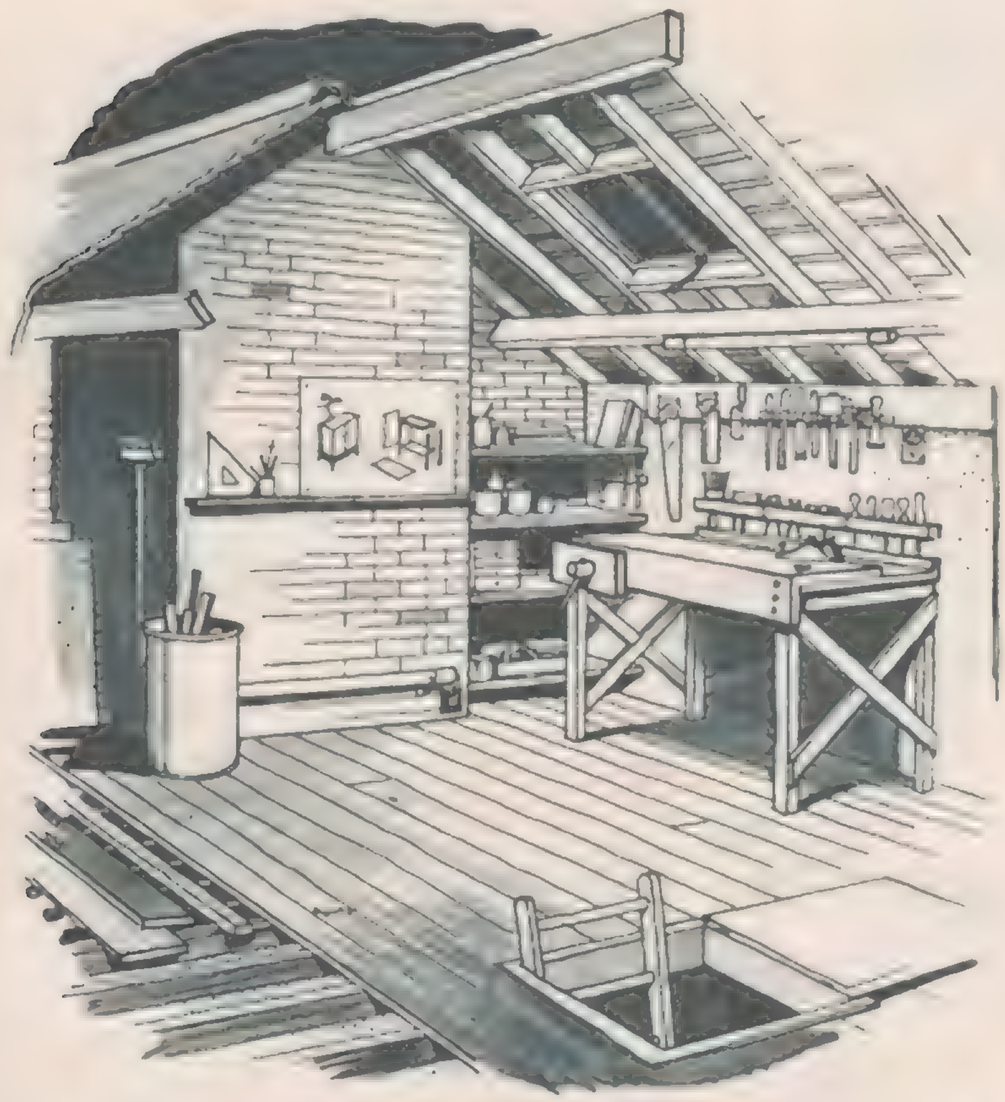
Limited space

A whole room for a workshop is a delightful luxury, but perfectly good working arrangements can be set up at the end of the garage or along one wall of a garden shed. Even a utility room can have a bench fitted into a corner or along a wall. Fixing a bench to a wall simplifies its construction and adds to its stability. The space under the bench can be used for storing timber. In these circumstances a cupboard may be the best place for storing tools. Put racks on the insides of the doors for small tools, shelves for planes and narrower shelves for jars of screws and nails. Then you can shut your equipment out of the way; a wise precaution where young children are about. If the room is to be used for other purposes a removable or hinged cover to the bench is easily made from ply or hardboard.

On page 33 you will find details of a simple folding combined workbench and toolbox. This will serve the purpose of a workshop where no permanent space is available. It is fixed with "G" clamps to the top of any firm table. When not in use it can stand in a corner where it takes up very little room.

Kitchen workbench

A simpler alternative, for the handyman who must work in the kitchen, is the kitchen-table attachment which is illustrated in detail at the top of this page. This, too, is held in place with "G" clamps. With the attachments shown most jobs can be tackled quite easily. For the handyman without a workshop, the problem of tool storage is best solved by a tool kit such as that illustrated above. Tools can be carried around easily and are ready to hand, in their box, when required. A useful addition to this pocket workshop is the Hobbyfix multi-purpose tool which serves as a vice, bench stop, clamp, cramp and drill. A combination of these pieces of equipment provides workshop facilities where nothing more elaborate is possible.



A boarded-in attic can be turned into a good workshop. This one has a wall of Asbestolux behind the bench, with wooden battens to take the tool racks. The bench is placed under the skylight, giving maximum headroom. Lengths of timber are stored on the open beams of the floor. Jobs that are too big to get through the hatch can be made in sections and assembled below

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Painting aid:** When painting window frames and bars, or picking out panels in a different colour, the handyman is usually faced with the problem of making a straight, clean edge. Now there is a special new kind of Sellotape adhesive tape to make this an easy job. Sellotape masking tape is made of specially crêped paper which can bend to any curves and get into any corners. Easy to apply, and easy to strip off, Sellotape masking tape is sold in eight-yard rolls and costs 2s. 8d. a roll, ½ in. wide, and 3s. 4d. 1 in. wide.

● **If boot or furniture** polish becomes hard in the tin, add a little turpentine to soften it.

● **The "Scandinavian Look"** has come to do-it-yourself furniture, in the form of low mahogany-veneered coffee tables, edged in solid mahogany, with straight-up-and-down tubular-steel legs finished with plastic glides. A most useful addition to any household would be the "Malmo," which is 17 in. square fitted on legs 16 in. high. The top costs 25s., the legs 8s. 6d. each, postage about 6s., from Brianco (London), Ltd., 507 Hackney Rd., London, E.2.

● **Handy rag.** Soak a rag in Brasso brass cleaner and let it dry. This will be useful to rub up brass between cleaning sessions.

● **Pint-sized clothes dryer:** For the odd pair of stockings dried overnight dripping into the bath, it is not worth having a proper line to catch in your hair when you have a bath. For this purpose the "Handyrail" is ideal. It is made of plastic-covered wire with suction discs at each end, is 13 in. long and weighs only 2 oz. and you can stick it up and take it down as and when you want. Price 2s. 6d., the "Handyrail" is made by Zurrer Silks (Darwen), Ltd., Anchor Mill, Darwen, Lancs.

● **Sweeter dustbins:** To get rid of unpleasant smells in your dustbin, attach under the lid with sticky tape one of the small plastic air purifiers that you can buy at any ironmongers. This will also keep unwelcome flies away.

● **Pipe anti-burst:** Mabs Mechtrical polythene tubing fitted into new or existing cold-water pipes in your house will take the pressure of a freeze-up and prevent burst pipes. Mabs tubing, plugs, stainless-steel spring stops, costs 65s. for a household kit, or 6d. a foot, from builders' merchants or from F. H. Bourner & Co., Ltd., Manor Royal, Crawley, Sussex.

● **Soap tablets** can be made from left-over scraps, by saving up 4 oz. and adding a couple of tablespoonsful of water and a couple of tablespoonfuls of toilet oatmeal, with a few drops of lavender water or eau de cologne. Bring this mixture to the boil and simmer it until it seems ready to set. Turn out and mould it into tablets.

● **Portable tool kits:** Two new tool kits have been introduced by Stanley Works, of Sheffield, in co-operation with three other leading tool manufacturers. The "Craftsman" kit, at £22 4s., contains thirty-one tools and a book, "How to Work with Tools and Wood." The smaller, "Do-it-Yourself" kit, at £12 10s. 6d., contains seventeen tools, and a copy of the same book. Both kits are fitted into black wooden cases, which can easily be carried or fitted to a workshop wall. From tool merchants and ironmongers.

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MAKE IT YOURSELF

by ROGER SMITHELLS

Wrap it up

Pretty parcels will be twice as welcome

Finishing off—Holly Sellotape seals and adorns

THERE is no magic like the magic of Christmas parcels. I remember in childhood how they would pile up, before the great day, in a secret hoard behind the piano. We discovered the secret but never took more than a quick peep. An exciting looking parcel seemed a good present before we ever got round to exploring its contents. It still seems so.

Only imagination is needed to make fine, unusual wrappings. The materials are usually lurking round the house or easily assembled. Save up scraps of gold and silver paper or string. Search rag bags for beads, little pieces of fabric, artificial flowers, and old cake frills, and keep out some of the Christmas tree decorations. Don't buy several sheets of one wrapping paper, buy one sheet each of several kinds, including plain coloured crêpe and tissue paper.

Aim for contrast and variety. Try two-coloured parcels, the joins masked by a wide silver or gold band. Wrap tiny parcels in gold foil or a scrap of fabric and tie on a huge label. Smarten plain white packages with a wide band of coloured Sellotape, or a huge posy of Christmas tree decorations, holly, or an artificial rose. Don't force odd-shaped objects into regular parcels—emphasize their oddness.

In the post

More than 13,000 parcels had to be repacked by the Post Office last year, so don't forget, however exquisite your parcel, it needs a stout brown paper covering to go through the post. Give fragile objects plenty of padding and a strong box. Use thick string *and* adhesive tape and print your address and the address of the recipient on the brown paper covering. As a final precaution put both addresses inside with a list of the contents in case the parcel goes astray.

1. A two-coloured parcel, bound with a cake frill. Wrap the whole parcel in one colour first, then add the contrasting piece. 2. This cracker-like shape in two different papers is a good disguise for anything that can be rolled up, like handkerchiefs. Wrap them first with corrugated paper to give them a good shape. 3. This wrapping is made of a big round piece of paper with a contrasting many-pointed star pasted to the middle. Gather the top with a ribbon.

4. Make this parcel in a dark coloured paper, and tie it loosely at the neck. Make a frill out of a long strip of white tissue. Roll it up and push it into the neck of the parcel. Finish with a gold or silver bauble. 5. This ribbon-bound parcel is decorated with sprigs of holly and a couple of Christmas tree balls. 6. Another two-part wrapping: wrap first in striped paper. Add the darker half, and secure it at the corners with transparent tape. Finish with an artificial rose.

Foster Dulles

continued from page 10

the grave personal crisis that began for him on the night of November 2, 1956.

Dulles had gone to bed early after one of his punishing, non-stop stints of work. At half-past eleven he awoke complaining of stomach cramps and a chill. Mrs. Dulles put an extra blanket on the bed and gave him a hot-water bottle.

At three in the morning he awoke again, in such pain that Mrs. Dulles called the doctor who diagnosed acute appendicitis and sent for an ambulance.

An extraordinary tragi-comedy of errors then ensued. The ambulance men arrived with a stretcher that was too short. Arranging Dulles on it in a half-sitting position, however, they managed to get him down the stairs and into the ambulance.

At the Walter Reed Military Hospital, a hastily organized team of top surgeons assembled in the operating theatre to await their distinguished patient. They were still waiting at half-past six.

By a quarter to seven, frantic officials had begun to telephone every hospital within miles to find the ambulance. At seven o'clock, with security men leaping out of their beds all over still-darkened Washington, a red-faced ambulance driver turned up, stammering that he had lost his way in the dark.

On the operating table there were further shocks. Nothing was wrong with Dulles's appendix: instead the specialists found far graver trouble. The Secretary of State had cancer of the intestine.

President Eisenhower was at once informed and a security curtain descended on the hospital. Despite it, the news leaked out and newspapers all over the world began speculating on Dulles's successor.

Dulles read the newspaper accounts with grim amusement. "Tell them I'll be back at my desk inside six weeks," he said laconically, and, a fortnight later, flew off to Florida to convalesce. Three weeks after that, to the astonishment of his doctors, he was back at work—a week earlier than promised.

A wife's support

Dulles's wife Janet undoubtedly helped him through this ordeal. She was at his bedside much of the time and read the Bible to him every day. Their marriage, now in its forty-seventh year, has been the unifying element of Dulles's life. When he is in Washington she telephones him at his office every afternoon. "If the call is late, J. F. D. becomes lost and irritable," says one of his staff.

After office hours, Dulles finds relaxation by returning to bed with a batch of whodunits. But his main relaxation is to go with his wife to Mainduck Island—the island on Lake Ontario that Dulles bought as a retreat from the press. Mainduck, known to the State Department staff as "Foster's Hideaway," has no gas or electricity and only a single log cabin. Here, Mrs. Dulles does the cooking; Dulles washes up and tends the stove.

They usually have a large breakfast and an early dinner—no lunch—and by 8.30 p.m. both are in their bathrobes in front of the fire, where Mrs. Dulles reads aloud. Most often it is from Dulles's favourite book—the Bible.

Roots of conflict

Dulles's Christianity is an essential—some would say an obsessional—part of his character. It has its roots in his earliest years. His father was a Presbyterian minister and it was only after much domestic conflict that Dulles decided not to follow his father into the Church but his grandfather into politics.

Critics have charged that his policies of "going to the brink," "agonizing reappraisal" and "massive retaliation" are a direct manifestation of this conflict.

When his favourite son Avery (he has one other son, John, a mining engineer, and a married daughter, Lillias) became a Roman Catholic and joined the Jesuit order, Dulles did not, as was expected, renounce him. Instead, saying, "Many are the roads that lead to God," he put off his official engagements to attend Avery's ordination.

This ability to switch to a new, and sometimes disconcerting, line has never led him to deviate in any way from his ultimate objective—the complete containment and, if possible, the destruction, of Communism.

He was once asked why he was so tough with Communist states. Dulles replied: "The best insurance against war is to be ready, able and willing to fight. It is extremely difficult to hold that position without some of our friends and allies thinking that we are truculent and want to have a fight."

Whatever patience the Communists ever had with Dulles ran out years ago. The free world has got along with him better, perhaps because it has had to. "Be sure to look after him," President Eisenhower told the doctors when Dulles became ill. "He's my boy."

For at least two years—until the Presidential election—it looks as though John Foster Dulles will be with us for better or for worse. THE END

Pocket money

continued from page 11

"progressive" education in this country—are even farther down the scale. Last summer they voted themselves twopence a week for every year of their ages, instead of a penny. But they get an extra shilling if they want to go to the cinema.

Investigations suggest that school children do the bulk of their spending on hobbies and recreations, the cinema, and sweets, with cigarettes, comics, papers and magazines, and gramophone records lower on the list. Other items mentioned when a poll was taken at a co-educational grammar school at Thirsk, Yorkshire, were nylons, shampoos, clothing, small lotteries and fish and chips.

At another grammar school of less than 250 boys, it was found that one-third of them spent nothing on hobbies.

The smallest number of sweet eaters was in the fifth form, which had the most smokers, thirty-four per cent, averaging 5s. a week on cigarettes.

Children now buy more gramophone records than ever before. At one school, about one-sixth of the pupils each spent 2s. 7d. a week on records. At another, the weekly paper and magazine bill for 350 pupils was about £4 10s.—an average of about 3d. each.

Far greater, however, than any item of expenditure, were the amounts saved. In some forms at Thirsk ninety-five per cent of the children saved regularly.

Last year, through schools savings groups alone, British children invested four and a half million pounds.

When a schoolboy of fifteen had his bicycle smashed in an accident at Wandsworth, he was able to buy a new one at once. Like hundreds of other children he had invested some of his pocket money in an insurance scheme.

Shortly after last Christmas a small boy stepped from a Rolls-Royce in Berkeley Square, London, and carried a box of model motors into the showroom of a famous toy manufacturer. "I got these from Santa Claus," he said. "Would you take them and give me the money instead?" THE END

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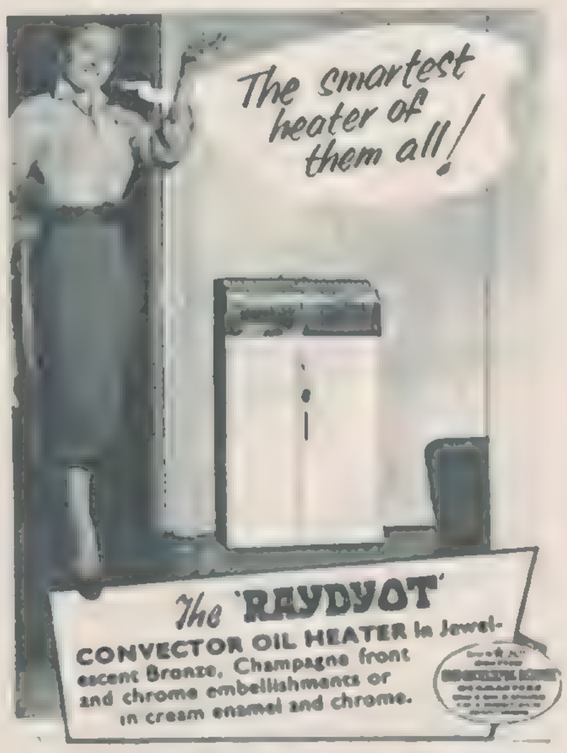

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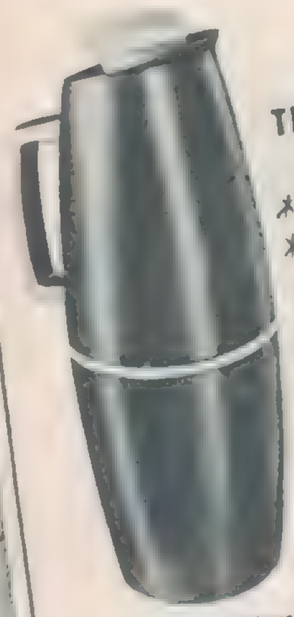

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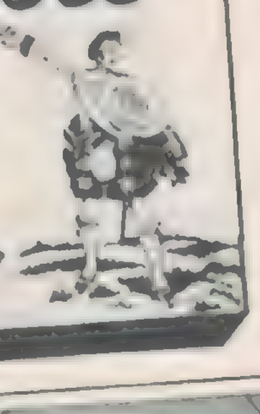

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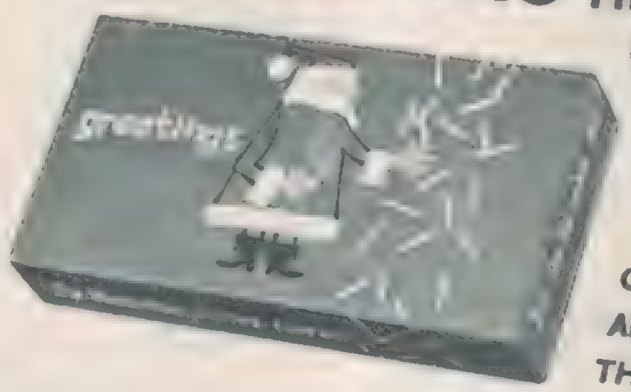
16

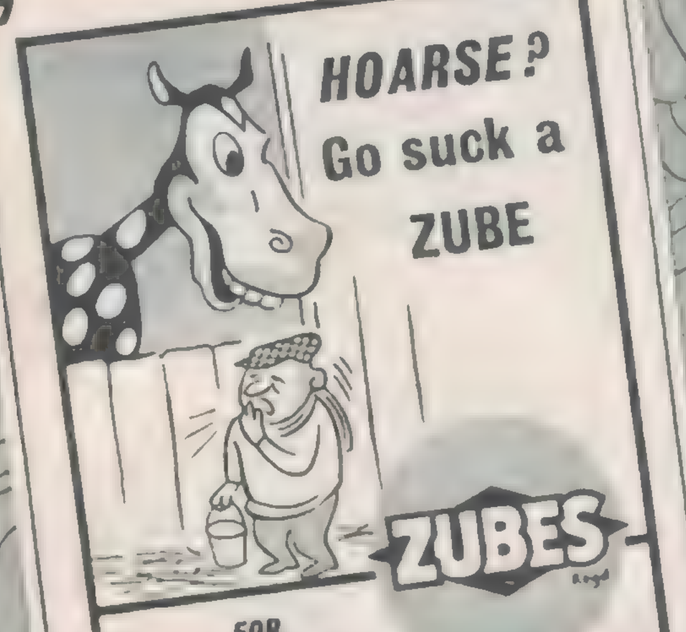
De Reszke FILTER TIPPED CIGARETTES



50 for 7/6

CUT THE COST OF SMOKING— AND INCREASE THE PLEASURE

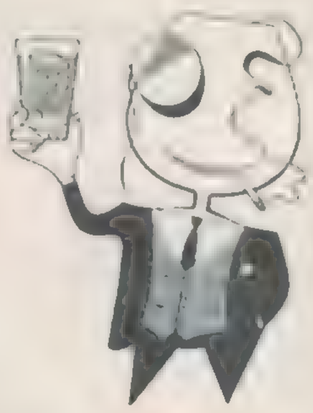
19



FOR THROAT AND CHEST

Tins 9½d and 1/6d loose 6½d an ounce

20



Seasonable greetings from Mr. Brandyman. You'll find him at family gatherings and Christmas parties everywhere, with his famous long, luxurious drinks: a little Brandy with lots of ginger ale or soda—and an ice cube if preferred.

Make friends with

MARTELL

21

They'll just LOVE

A BICYCLE FOR CHRISTMAS!

Every boy & girl wants a

Hercules

'Glido' Pavement Cycle £10.9.6
'Lone Ranger' for ages 5-8 £14.4.9
'Jeep' Sports for ages 7-9 £16.4.9
'New Yorkers' and other models available for older boys and girls

See your Hercules Dealer today — Easy Terms if desired

H450

THIS WAY TO WIN £250

INSTRUCTIONS

In this 3-page Contest are 24 Advertisements—study them carefully; on your £250 free coupon there are 8 phrases, each with a blank square beside it. Into each of these blank squares write the NUMBER of the Advertisement to which, in your opinion, the phrase beside it most appropriately applies. Add your name and full address: post in sealed envelope not later than Monday, Jan. 5 to FITTING PHRASES, "JOHN BULL," 98 Long Acre, London, W.C.99. Coupon on far right is for another member of your family. Both coupons may be posted in same sealed envelope (3d. stamp).

FREE COUPON — FROM ALL 3 PAGES CHOOSE ADVERTISEMENTS TO FIT THESE PHRASES

A. Experts put . . . first and so will you! ☐

B. Nobody else can offer you anything quite like . . . ! ☐

C. Rely on . . . when time's the problem! ☐

D. Take a woman's advice —use . . . yourself! ☐

E. What could be more fitting than . . . ? ☐

F. What is the . . . secret? It is in the name! ☐

G. When you need to be careful . . . for you too! ☐

H. Worrying won't help, but a bottle of . . . will! ☐

I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

Signature.....

Address.....

J.F.P. Dec. 20.....

FITTING PHRASES

Study the Products — fit the Phrases

12

FIRST CHOICE 1st ON THE CONTINENT

Try the ten exciting MAGGI Swiss varieties and enjoy real Continental cooking in your home.

MAGGI SWISS SOUPS

13

SMITH'S CRISPS

14

So rich - it whips!

17

Lovely to look at

–delightful to use!

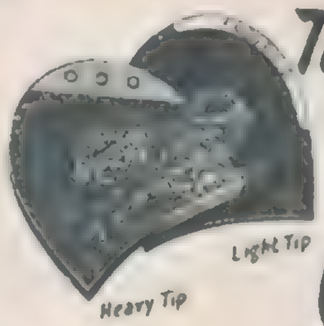
WALLCHARM EMULSION

Ideal for walls and ceilings, easily applied by brush or roller. Wonderful cover, dries quickly. Many lovely shades.

Room done in a few HOURS!

In steamy rooms use any of the other Wallcharm Finishes, Matt, Lustre or Gloss. All are steamproof and washable

18



"Combinettes", of course, don't REALLY last a lifetime but they last so long it seems like it!

Tip of a Lifetime!

Combinettes

THE METAL-TIPPED RUBBER HEEL

Sizes for Men, Ladies and Children

FUSSELL'S RUBBER CO., LTD.

EST. 1919

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

22

BLUE BIRD

Toffees

Take the Home Sweet Home

23

My recipes never fail

thanks to my **SALTER** domestic balance

Geo. Salter & Co. Ltd., West Bromwich

M-W 434

24

TIO PEPE a must on any Christmas List

GONZALEZ BYASS

Sherries of distinction

RULES

For coupon bearing (in ink or ball-point) the most skilful and appropriate fitting of given phrases to advertisements, as decided by panel of advertising experts, £250 cash will be awarded. Ties divide. No entry fee. Signature on coupon binds entrant to accept published result as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees ineligible.

HOW TO ENTER—SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

Address entries: Fitting Phrases, "John Bull," 98 Long Acre, London, W.C.99.

FREE COUPON — FROM ALL 3 PAGES CHOOSE ADVERTISEMENTS TO FIT THESE PHRASES

A. Experts put . . . first and so will <u>you</u>! ☐

B. Nobody else can offer you anything <u>quite</u> like . . . ! ☐

C. Rely on . . . when time's the problem! ☐

D. Take a <u>woman's</u> advice – use . . . yourself! ☐

E. What could be more fitting than . . . ? ☐

F. What is the . . . secret? It is in the name! ☐

G. When <u>you</u> need to be careful . . . for you too! ☐

H. Worrying won't help, but a bottle of . . . <u>will</u>! ☐

I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

Signature .....

Address .....

2.F.P. Dec. 20 .....

LAST DAY TO POST COUPON MONDAY JAN. 5

Acrobat Our teenage daughter flops and falls
And flips and slips and slumps and sprawls
And twists and twines and coils and loops
And writhes and jerks and drapes and droops.
Is this a workout in the gym?
Does she have fits? Is this a whim?
No, don't be frightened, please, don't stare.
She's merely "sitting" in a chair.

RICHARD ARMOUR

In Short

Never Fails

The season's complete
When I finally hear,
"It just doesn't seem
Like Christmas this year."

BOBETTE TOBY

Foreign Affairs

Mr. and Mrs. Sven Meyer had only one key to their Copenhagen home, so the last one to leave the house hid the key under a floorboard in the outside coal bin. One day Mrs. Meyer returned to find that the winter supply of coal had been delivered. It took Mr. and Mrs. Meyer all night to shovel through ten tons of fuel to get the key.

When a tough looking character walked into a Kansas City bar, the owner wrapped 550 dollars in a towel and tossed it in a back room for safety. The man left without making trouble and the owner went for his money. It had gone—with the other soiled towels that had been collected by the laundry.

Something Wrong?

Anything interesting at the office today?

No. No. I can't say anything very. . . .

Any news in the paper?

No. Nothing really. . . . No.

Maybe if you got your face out of it a minute you could say a few words to me. What did you have for lunch today?

Lunch today. I can't quite. . . . Nothing really—nothing worth mentioning.

Do you want to know what I had?

What you had. Yes. Yes, I'd like to hear. Tell me what you had for lunch today, dear.

Well, I had macaroni cheese, and then I thought I'd have a piece of fruit pie. You know, the pie we had yesterday. Well, I thought I'd have that, but Mrs. Singleton came in. She brought me a cake. I said Mrs. Singleton brought me a cake.

A cake. Well. That was—that was very nice of Mrs. Singleton. Very nice.

You couldn't guess what kind?

No. No. Tell me. A very nice cake, I expect.

You just couldn't think what kind of cake Mrs. Singleton might have brought me today. She could remember it, but not you.

No, I couldn't really. . . . Is something the matter with you tonight, dear? You seem a little edgy.

Edgy? You've noticed that. If you put down that paper maybe you'll notice a few other things. Like my dress. I thought we might be going out. Like my face. It's a year older. Like those cards on the mantelpiece. You know what those cards are for . . . ?

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Sally And The Machine

She'd simply no idea, Sally told me, when she bought one of those super-electric-automatic-reversible-portable sewing machines which can do almost anything except play chess. At first she was so overawed by it that all she could do was gaze.

When at last she plucked up courage and set it to work, it was fantastic the way the machine ate up the pillowslips and shirts and curtains and towels and nappies and everything she fed into its steel jaws. She was so fascinated that she ransacked the house for machine-fodder, and turned all the sheets sides to middle, even the ones which didn't need it.

Then one day it wasn't there, and when I asked what had happened Sally looked uneasy and said it was all those extra bits like medieval thumbscrews she'd found in a little drawer in its inside. Apparently they could make it do all sorts of things she'd never heard of, like shirring and felling.

But what really worried her was the discovery that it could *darn*. After that, she couldn't help imagining it sitting in *her* armchair, by *her* fireside, opposite *her* husband, every evening, darning away at his socks, and though she knew it was preposterous the idea haunted her.

The machine had to go. It was too clever, she said: you didn't know what it might do next.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

The funny little man with no time for fooling

continued from page 15

appeared. When the stooge complained, Drake snapped: "You're getting paid for it, aren't you?"

Before his Weymouth season, Drake was auditioning for a stooge. A man was chosen and Drake told him to wait while he went into the next room and discussed terms with his agent.

Everything was settled. But when they came out of the room again, the actor was sitting back in an arm chair smoking a cigarette. Drake was furious. "If that's the way you're going to lie about, you can lie about somewhere else," he said, waving his short arms.

And at Southsea last Christmas, where Drake was in pantomime, he dismissed two property boys within a month. The third, David Denham, is still with him. "But only just," says Denham. "The first time I made a mistake, Charlie was furious. He said: 'If that happens again, you're fired.' I've never seen a man in such a rage."

His wife—in tears

Drake's preoccupation with himself and his job has upset his wife Heather at least once. At the beginning of the Weymouth season Drake was travelling almost daily to rehearse for Sunday night television shows, and to negotiate his recording contract. He spent his spare time relaxing on the golf course.

One night he arrived home to find Heather in tears. "I realized almost at once that I was completely in the wrong. I'd been ringing up night after night and saying I was going to be late, and all that sort of thing, and finally she couldn't take it any more.

"Fortunately the television shows were at an end, and I played a bit less golf, and it all sorted itself out."

Typically, although Heather chose their new house, he did not tell her in detail how the negotiations were going until he had signed the contract. Even then he did not tell her what it cost.

Not since the first year of their marriage, when she earned more money than he did, has she known how much money was in the bank. "I've just had to guess from whether he said 'Take a taxi' or 'Take a bus'," she says.

Drake's family, with whom he lived until three years ago, says he has always had the same determination to do exactly as he pleases. "An independent sort of chap," says his brother Ted.

Drake was born in 1925, about one hundred yards from the Elephant and Castle in the centre of a poor-class area of London just south of the Thames. His mother had eight children, of whom four are now alive. During Drake's childhood, five of them lived in one room. When he was six, he saw an elder brother run over and killed.

"I'm going home . . ."

Before and after school each day he ran a paper round, and in the holidays worked in a coal shop. He regarded school as "an interruption in my earning power." But he became captain of boxing—"even if I was small I was the right shape and strong"—and organized two school concerts.

After he left school he drifted into numerous unskilled jobs, and in the evenings went round working men's clubs with a cockney patter act. He joined the R.A.F. in 1940 and realized with a shock that his independence was being taken away from him. He resisted the discipline strenuously.

He was often confined to barracks for minor offences. On several occasions he refused to get out of bed. During a Morse Code session at Bridlington, Yorkshire, he stood up and walked towards the back of the room.

"Where are you going?" the officer asked. "Home," said Drake. Everybody laughed. They found him four days later in London, at home, and took him back under arrest. "The charges were dropped," says Drake. "They thought I was a bit odd."

After the war, life was much the same as before, with dozens of odd jobs and a few professional engagements. In his patter act, one of his better jokes was: "My girl friend, she's so thin you could use her as a pipe cleaner." He says today: "It's no wonder I wasn't getting jobs."

At home, he alternated wild enthusiasm with periods of idleness. He started one night to paint a wardrobe, and put on the second coat six months later.

In 1952 he was accepted by his present theatrical agents, who persuaded him against his will to become a knockabout comedian in the Chaplin tradition. The upturn in his career began, although he still earned more money from odd-jobbing than from being a comedian.

A year later he married Heather, an eighteen-year-old dancer whom he met in a show.

They moved into one room in Mrs. Drake's house, with £200 worth of furniture bought optimistically on the never-never. To pay it off, Heather worked in a store while Drake looked for an engagement. It came six months later, when the first of their two children was already on the way.

Drake was given a seven-minute spot on B.B.C. television. He wrote a sketch round an incident he had seen of a small tennis instructor trying to teach a very tall girl. The script was raw and clumsy, but it got him twelve sketches for children's television, followed by a year with Associated-Rediffusion doing a fifteen-minute show every week in a partnership called Mick and Montmorency.

For the first time in his life he was able to afford a car, and he, his wife and son moved to a flat at Hampton Court.

In October, 1957, he was given a three-year contract with the B.B.C. This summer, after being billed second to a number of comics, he was given his own show for the first time. His most recent series ended last week; another is planned for the spring.

Most critics think that his future on television is secure. One has even compared his potential to that of Chaplin.

Drake's scripts, which are quite different from his early efforts, emphasize the absurdity of having a midget in a man-sized situation.

Drake admits that it is predominantly his size—he is five foot one—which gets him sympathy on the stage. But he will not admit that his size makes any difference to his off-stage life.

When he plays golf, his favourite pastime, he fiercely denies that he hits the ball less far than his opponents. His wife, who is three inches taller than he is, can remember his lack of height being mentioned only once.

"While we were engaged, I said to my mother that I felt awkward because I hadn't any flat shoes, and high heels would make our difference in height even bigger. Charles overheard. He was furious, and told me that if I ever said anything so silly again he would stop taking me out.

"Naturally, I never mentioned it again. Charles has a habit of meaning what he says."

THE END

BABIES—I

It is curious to see how a self-willed, haughty girl, who sets her father and mother at defiance and can't be managed by anybody, at once finds her master in a baby.

Charles Buxton

"One of your representatives called here yesterday"

The hour of truth

continued from page 8

hastily stuffed back when they heard me coming."

Frant turned to the thin man. "Rafael," he said. "We could do with a drink."

"Sure, Mr. Frant. I see to it. What will you like?"

Frant ordered cognac and led me back into the lounge where we had sat before.

A senseless but inescapable conviction was gaining on me. "There's some connection," I said. "First, Adrian being missing, and now this. . . ."

Frant said: "Why should you suppose that?"

This time I took the cigarette he offered. In a minute the cognac arrived, and a bottle of mineral water.

"Tell me when," Frant said.

"Plenty, please." As I watched him pour the water I was aware of the thing that had subconsciously registered itself some time earlier. "You're left-handed."

He seemed irritated. "It's a failing I've waged a losing battle against."

"Why do you call it a failing?"

He smiled. "According to some, it's rather suspect—in the way they say backward-slanting handwriting denotes a deceitful character."

Deceit. An ominous word. I looked at Frant to see how well it might fit him. Who was Frant? What did I know of him?

At last I thought I understood his interest in me. I said bitterly: "Do you . . . find it a profitable racket, meeting stranded women at the airport? Recommending a nice quiet hotel, a little gentle sightseeing to divert the victim while they rifle her things——"

"Sit down," he said coldly and laid a hand on my wrist. "This is a respectable hotel and the proprietor is a friend of mine."

I sank back in my chair. "You mean an accomplice, don't you?"

"Use the word if you feel it suits. If you want the truth, you shall have it. Did you ever meet Miguel Lorentes?"

The abrupt change of subject was fantastic.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Lorentes. Miguel Lorentes." Frant spoke the name with curious gentleness, lingering on it. "He was an unusually gifted young man of twenty-seven or eight, orphaned in the Spanish civil war and adopted by a wealthy business man from Buenos Aires. In the spring——"

"A professional colleague?"

"By profession he was an electrical engineer. In the spring of this year he came to London and took over my sister's flat at Belsize Park while she and her husband were away in Italy."

I said: "I really don't think——"

"Your husband became acquainted with him."

"Adrian?" All the life went out of my limbs.

"Miguel Lorentes died about six weeks ago," Frant said. "He was murdered."

Frant's face came and went in eddies of drifting fog. "What has it to do with me?" I asked.

"With you—nothing. With your husband. . . . That's not so easy."

"Please speak plainly, Mr. Frant. You're saying things that I can't. . . ."

"Your husband knew Lorentes. That's all I said."

"No, it's not. You said——"

"That I don't know the answers to the rest of it. Your husband may."

Staring at him, I said steadily: "Are you a detective?"

"No." He was examining the label on the mineral water bottle. "The card I gave you told you the truth. Enriques are importers and exporters on a fairly large scale. Manuel Enriques, the head of the firm, is the brother of the man who brought up Miguel Lorentes.

"I was asked to meet Miguel in London. I saw him settled into my sister's flat and a few days later was called down to Somerset where my mother was seriously ill. I was away about two weeks. The night I returned, I called to see how he was getting on." Frant pushed the bottle aside. "He was dying from a stab wound in the wreckage of the flat."

I said: "What makes you suppose that Adrian. . . ." But I couldn't finish.

Frant said: "At times my work brings me a good deal in touch with the police. I have contacts among them, so I've been in on this thing. Eventually we discovered that your husband was one of the people Miguel had been seen with, but by then we were unable to locate him. We feel that he might have vital information concerning those two weeks I was away."

I said: "So you knew quite well who I was—from the moment I landed."

Frant made no attempt at denial. "I went to the airport to contact him when he met you," he said. "I'm more than sorry to have involved you in this, Mrs. Elvin, but it's essential that your husband should come forward."

I said passionately: "Don't you realize he knows nothing about this. You say it happened six weeks ago. He hasn't. . . ."

He hasn't been in England for six weeks—that's what I had been going to say. But I broke off, appalled. Had Adrian, in fact, known about Lorentes's death and had that been the reason for his going?

But you have to have a visa to enter Spain, which must be applied for at least a day or two beforehand. I must be crazy if I were allowing myself, even for a moment, to think. . . .

"What date?" I asked. "What date did it . . . ?"

"Lorentes was murdered on the night of April the thirtieth."

"Adrian left on May the first." I closed my eyes for a moment and opened them wide again. "The very next day. So you see it's quite obvious that he's never heard the news. How did you know he was to be at the airport?"

Frant stared at the thin blue smoke of his cigarette. "Crimes are seldom solved by brilliant hunches, Mrs. Elvin. In every investigation innocent people are asked to assist the authorities. It involves no slur upon them. But when somebody who might be expected to help proves unavailable, intensive measures may have to be taken to find them. That's all."

No wonder he had been so furious when I had insisted upon returning to the hotel, for fear his confederate wasn't through with searching my case.

I said: "Unscrupulous measures."

"I'm very sorry you see it that way."

"How do you expect me to see it? Was there any reason why you shouldn't have been honest with me?" I paused. A new thought had struck me. "Tell

---

"The Hour Of Truth" will be published in July by Hodder & Stoughton, price 12s. 6d.

KEEP THIS

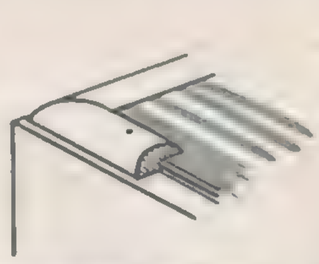
Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right methods and materials for your jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 13

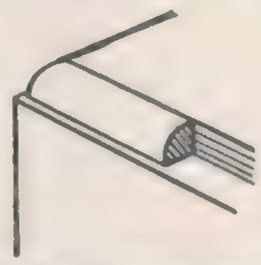
EDGE TREATMENTS

PLY, CHIP, AND BLOCK BOARDS

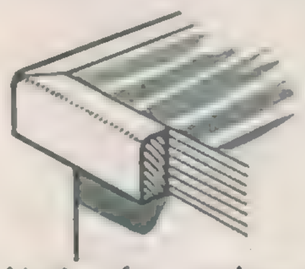
There are now many different composite wood boards, suitable for making table and cabinet tops, but all of them need beading for the edges, to protect the laminations from damage, and to give a neat finish. Here are nine edgings.



For thin ply or hardboard tops. Gives slightly raised edge. Fixed with glue and panel pins.



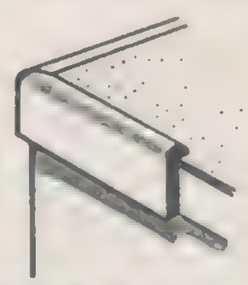
Wooden quarter round beading, to give rounded edges. For thicker ply or composition board tops.



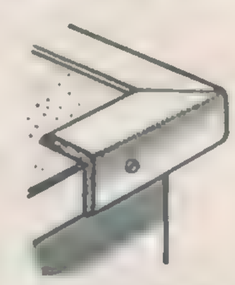
Lipping for overhanging, thick ply, blockboard, or chipboard. Fix with glue and nails.

COVERED TOPS

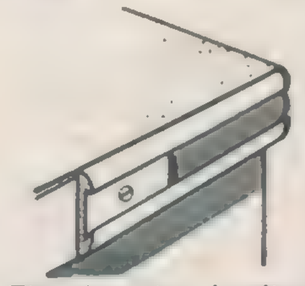
Table top, and cabinet top coverings of laminated plastic sheet, plastic faced hardboards, and self-adhesive plastic sheet are becoming very popular, but with rigid coverings, to make a good job of the edges is a task for a professional. The beadings illustrated below are easy to fix, and look neat and decorative, and protect the vulnerable edges of the boards from damage.



Rigid plastic or aluminium "Hockey Stick" section. For rigid coverings. In many colours.

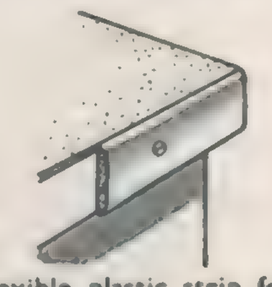


"L" section. Many sizes available. Made in plastic, and in aluminium. Corners must be cut and mitred.



This aluminium beading is screwed to the edge and the plastic strip inserted into the channel.

Rounded aluminium or wood beading. Fixed with raised head screws, or glue and panel pins.



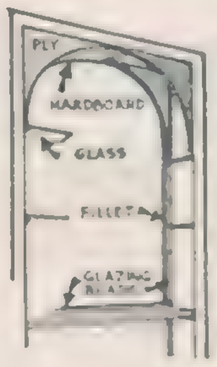
Flexible plastic strip for use with self-adhesive plastic. Need not be cut and mitred on corners.

Narrow ribbed flexible plastic strip. Fix with pins and glue. Also used on upholstered furniture.

It's an idea

DISUSED DOORWAY

Throwing two rooms into one left Mr. E. Tuxford, of 27 Chetwynd Road, Toton, Beeston, Notts, with a spare doorway. His idea for turning this into a decorative recess wins this week's guinea prize. Mr. Tuxford removed the door, made a curved arch, as shown, backed the upper part of the recess with glass, the lower part with hardboard. Shelves and a coat of paint finished the job. On the hall side this treatment created an interesting extra window.



If you have a bright idea for this column, send it, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull and Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea or home hint published.

THE GUINNESS POPULARITY POLL

"Because it doesn't matter where you are . . .

you can always be sure of getting Guinness. And that's a thing worth remembering. If you get around, like I do, it's grand to be able to order a Guinness, however far away from home you are, that tastes just as good as it does at your local. For when you really *know* Guinness, no other drink quite takes its place."

TODAY—
DROP IN AT YOUR
LOCAL FOR
A GUINNESS

or take some home tonight

Yes, you can get Guinness anywhere, and wherever you get it, Guinness is such a welcome sight. With its rich, creamy head, its dark-ruby colour and appetising roasted flavour, Guinness is unmistakable. Millions who drink it daily—here, there, and everywhere—say there's nothing like a Guinness. Prove it for yourself.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GUINNESS
—in bottles, in cans, or on draught

G.E.3071.C

The hour of truth

continued from previous page

me," I said. "Am I under police surveillance?"

"You're under no kind of surveillance."

"I just wanted to know."

"What are you going to do?"

"Sit here and wait for my husband."

He stubbed out his cigarette. "You may have to wait some time."

"I'll manage without your help."

He stared at his glass, suddenly picked it up and finished his drink. Then he sat looking past me like a man transfixed.

I was transfixed, too, at the sound of the voice behind me.

"Stacey! My *dear*!"

I TURNED in my chair, stiff with disbelief. Tangerine hair, Adrian had said scathingly, and purple satin pyjamas. . . . This time it was Lydia Heywood's hair that was purple, and her dress was of a dazzling tangerine silk.

I said in a dream: "Why, Lydia. . . ." From behind her slouched an ungainly girl with spots. ". . . and Babs. How funny! I was thinking of you, an hour, two hours ago."

"Nice of you, darling." Lydia stared rapaciously at Frant, now on his feet. "Such a quaint little hotel. We nearly didn't find it. All those stairs."

I said with careful politeness: "Do sit down."

"You're looking quite done up, sweetie." Lydia billowed into Frant's vacated chair, peering earnestly into my face. "Been worrying yourself to a frazzle, I expect. But it's all right. Adrian says he'll be with you just as soon as ever he can."

It didn't get through for a while. At last I said: "Lydia . . . you've seen Adrian?"

"Duckie, I'm trying to tell you. He couldn't make the airport and was rather frantic about it. It appears he had to go and smooth the brow of this . . . some eminent Spanish conductor with a name that eludes me for the moment who's dying or something——" Her slightly bulbous eyes swivelled over Frant. "We're not butting in on something, darling?"

"Oh no," I said. "No indeed." I was feeling quite light-headed with relief. "Mr. Frant was just leaving. He has an urgent appointment. . . ."

Frant smiled. "Yes, I have to go."

"Shall I ask Adrian to get in touch with you?" I asked.

"I'd appreciate that very much. You have my card."

Lydia stared regretfully after his retreating back. Then she began digging vaguely in the depths of a vast velvet bag. "I don't think I like this hotel," she said. "You'll come along with us until Adrian arrives. We drove out to Montserrat today and Stanley is sleeping it off. Ah, I knew I had it. A note from Adrian, dear."

Lydia produced the envelope and watched while I opened it. She was still watching me when at last I looked up.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" she said.

"Oh no," I said. My voice sounded faint and I tried to speak louder. "He's given me a telephone number and suggests I ring him about nine o'clock."

"That's all right. You can do it in comfort from our suite."

She rose, gazing about her, but Frant had vanished.

Get rid of Don Quixote, Adrian had written. And then the instruction to phone him.

I felt sick with apprehension as we walked to the Heywoods' hotel. I could not face the implications of the note. How did Adrian know about Frant, and what did it mean?

The Heywoods were staying at the Palacia. We sat talking in their suite until nine and then I went into Lydia's room to phone.

"Stacey?" Adrian's voice was taut, edgy.

"Oh, Adrian!" It was difficult to

speak. "I was afraid that we'd——"

"Where are you calling from, Stacey?"

"The Palacio. I'm in Lydia's bedroom. They thought——"

"Listen carefully." He was talking rapidly in an undertone. "There's a somewhat tricky thing on that I can't explain until I see you. I want you to take a taxi to the Café Chiquita in the Plaza de Calvo Sotelo. Have you got that? The Café Chiquita."

"Yes."

"Don't tell anyone where you are going. If Lydia is inquisitive, say you're meeting me at the station. Have you shaken off Don Quixote?"

"Yes. At least, I think so."

"Good girl. One other thing—have you got the score?"

"Yes. In my handbag, because—that is, yes."

"Bring it with you. What are you wearing?"

"Black," I said. "A black dress."

"Couldn't be better. But for God's sake put something over your hair. Pick up a taxi in the street and watch that you're not followed. That's all."

"Adrian!" I stammered, but he had gone.

I sat, trembling, on the edge of the bed. The receiver was making strange noises. I put it back, blindly, and it fell off on to the floor. Lydia found me on my hands and knees when she entered the room.

"This fell down," I mumbled. "Adrian's told me to meet him. Thanks for everything, Lydia. I must hurry now." I spoke with my head turned. I did not want her to see my face.

"Where have you to go?" Lydia asked.

"The—the station. I'm to take a taxi. Could you lend me a scarf, or something? In case it turns chilly."

"*Chilly?*" Lydia said, and she gave

BABIES—2

A baby is fed with milk and praise.

Charles and Mary Lamb

me an odd look. "Well, of course, darling, if you feel there's any risk. . . ."

She picked up a white and silver stole from the back of a chair and draped it over my head and shoulders, stepping back to appraise the effect. Her face puckered with sudden concern. "Stacey—everything's all right, isn't it?"

"Whatever do you mean?" I tried to sound astonished. "Everything's perfectly all right!"

I hoped with all my heart that it was true.

From the taxi I could see a neon sign flashing a column of crimson letters down a dark façade, first singly, then together: C-H-I-Q-U-I-T-A . . . CHIQUITA . . . C-H-I-Q-U-I-T-A. . . . There was no sign of Adrian. One or two people were staring, among them a slim young man. He stepped forward and opened the door.

"Mrs. Elvin? I am Adrian's friend, Ernesto Gomez. Permit me."

He handed me out adroitly and paid off the driver.

"Where is Adrian?" I asked.

"I am taking you to him," he said. He smiled disarmingly. He didn't look more than nineteen. Was it, I suddenly wondered, true about the dying conductor, and was this young man perhaps a son?

He cleared a way through the jostling crowds. As I fell into step beside him, I said uncertainly: "Is it your father that Adrian—my husband—came to see?"

Ernesto inclined his head politely. "Excuse?"

"Your father, Mr. Gomez," I repeated, "is he . . .?"

"Alas, my father is dead, señora."

"I'm so sorry!" I stammered.

He gave me rather a surprised look.

We crossed a cobbled rectangle, washed with yellow light pouring from open windows and doors.

A girl in a white dress stood at the entrance to one of the houses and vanished as we approached. My companion said: "My sister Maria. Later you will meet my mother and my sisters Pilar and Dolores and my brother Juan. But first you will be anxious to see Adrian."

It seemed very dark inside the tiled hall. I toiled behind Ernesto up steep, rather rickety stairs. I did not know what to expect or fear.

Pausing at a door, Ernesto smiled encouragingly at me over his shoulder, then knocked and opened it.

"Here we are, Adrian. All is well."

Beyond Ernesto, I could see Adrian, half lying on a divan. He got up and came towards me.

Ernesto left us almost as soon as he'd ushered me in, slipping out unobtrusively and closing the door. I had already forgotten him.

For a long moment Adrian held me. When we drew apart, I glanced round the room. Besides the divan, there were two chairs and a heavy chest against one of the whitewashed walls. A 'cello stood in one corner and on a table in the middle sheets of music were strewn. Among them was a bottle of wine and two glasses.

"Dry your eyes, darling," Adrian said gently, "and let us celebrate."

I came down to earth. "Ernesto's father," I suddenly began.

"What?"

"So he died. . . ."

"God help us, Stacey!" Adrian's voice was pained. "Six weeks parted and our first topic of conversation has to be Ernesto's father? The old sinner died of chronic alcoholism last Christmas. What of it?"

"The eminent Spanish conductor who was dying . . . stupid of me to imagine he might have been Ernesto's father." Trembling, I sat down. "He was just something you made up."

Adrian stood over me, his eyes dark and unwinking in the light of the single electric lamp. Then they crinkled into the little-boy grin that had never failed to melt me.

"Not bad, was it, on the spur of the moment?"

"Adrian, I can't stand this any longer." I clenched my hands on the edges of the chair. "I've got to know the truth! Frant said. . . ."

He had begun pouring the wine. He stopped and looked at me sharply. He said: "Frant. Is that his name?"

I stared back at him. "What do you know about him?"

"At the moment, principally that he met you at the airport."

"How did you know?"

"Because I saw him."

"Adrian—— You were there?"

"Of course I was. I said I'd be, didn't I? But he got there first. And you went off with him quite happily. Gallant, wasn't he?" Adrian's smile was brittle. "What did you talk about?"

He sat down facing me and all the light of the dim room seemed concentrated in the dark brilliance of his eyes.

"What did you talk about, Stacey?" he said again.

I drew a breath. I said: "About Miguel Lorentes. About how he died. . . ."

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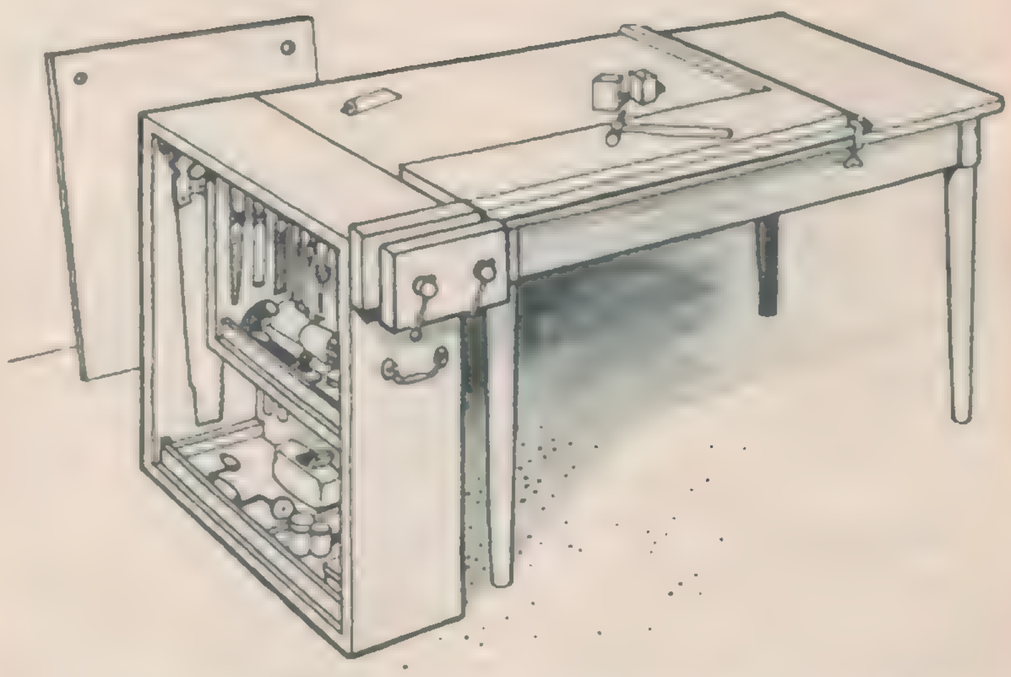
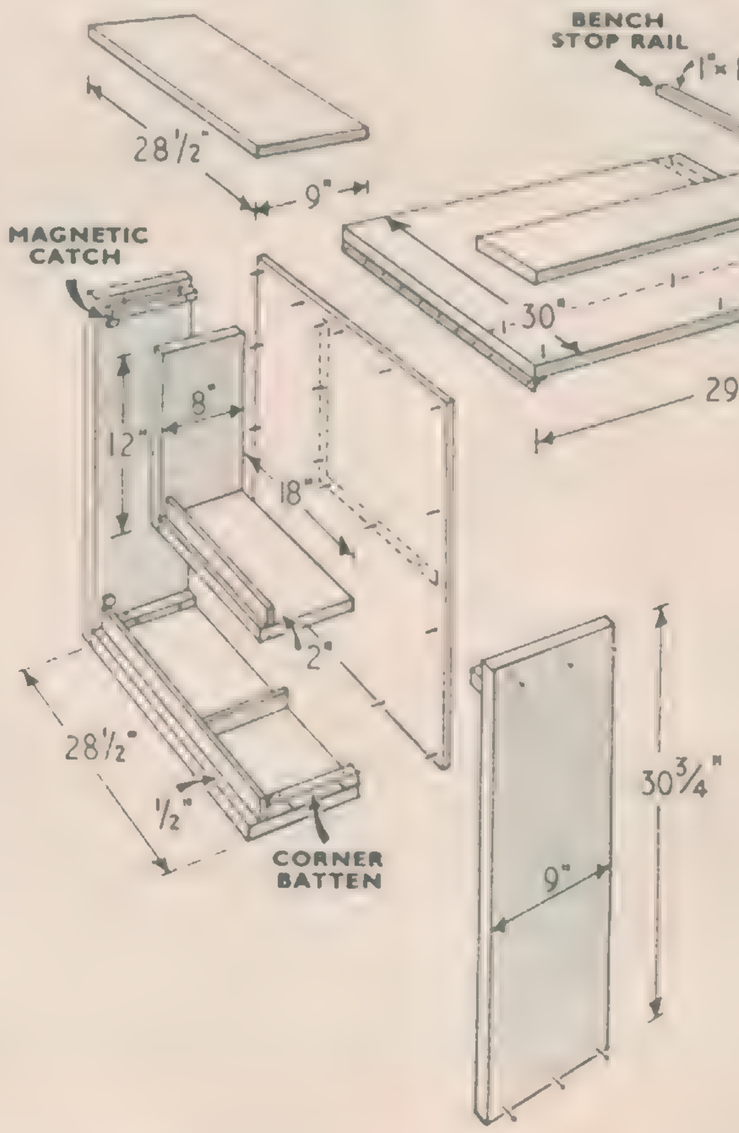


HERE is the combined toolbox and work bench, mentioned on page 24, for the handyman who has no permanent workshop. When in use, it provides all the basic necessities of a workshop. When not in use it can be folded up, and put away in a corner. This is how you make it:

Cut the sides, top, and bottom pieces of the box from ¾-in. wood, to the sizes shown. Assemble by nailing and glueing one side to the top, adding the second side, and finally the bottom. Screw and glue 8-in. corner battens in place cut from 1-in. by 1-in. wood. Cut out the back from ¼-in. ply and screw and glue it in place. Assemble the shelf with its side and front rail, before fixing it in place. The shelf is made from ¾-in. wood, and the shelf side, and front rail from ¼-in. When it is assembled, screw and glue it into the box. Cut the bottom front rail from ¾-in. by 2-in. wood, and screw and glue it in place on the bottom, also the dividing piece, cut from the same timber. Fix two magnetic catches to the inside of each side, just by, and flush with the ends of the corner battens. Cut the front panel from ¾-in. ply, and drill two 1-in. holes near the top for lifting it off. Fix the magnetic catch plates in corresponding positions to the catches on the inside edges of the box.

Use ¼-in. ply or blockboard for the flap top. Cut it to the size shown and screw a piano hinge to one end. Make the reinforced working top from 1-in. well-seasoned beach or pine, and screw and glue it to the flap, leaving a 1-in. gap at the outer end for the "G" clamps. Screw the bench stop rail to the flap, also 1 in. from the end. This is made of 1-in. by 1-in. wood. Screw the piano hinge to the back, ¾ in. from the top, so that when open the flap is flush with the box top. For final finish, it is as well to stain the inside and outside of box with a natural wood stain. Leave the working top and the box top untreated.



THE MOST

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"Next"

Montgomery

continued from page 19

Germans dealt very effectively with the Italian armed forces in their own areas; they were all disarmed.

The Salerno landings soon got into trouble, and a critical situation arose on the night September 13-14 when the Germans attacked the 36th American Division in strength. That division was new to battle and the enemy thrust got within three miles of the beach and within two miles of Army H.Q. On September 14 I received a cry for help from Alexander to push on and threaten the German forces opposite the Fifth Army. This I did, and I also sent a staff officer over to see General Clark. On September 16 the leading troops of the Eighth Army joined hands with the right flank of the Fifth U.S. Army.

We marched and fought three hundred miles in seventeen days, in good delaying country against an enemy whose use of demolition caused us bridging problems of the first magnitude.

After the first phase was over and the two armies had joined hands, I was ordered to transfer the operations of the Eighth Army to the east or Adriatic side of the main mountain range of the Apennines. This was a major undertaking and took some considerable time. When it was completed we began a movement northwards.

I had a little trouble about the middle of September with the G.O.C. Seventh Italian Army—General Rizzio. He was the senior Italian officer in my area of operations, and the Italian Army had surrendered to the Allies unconditionally. I was then told that the Italians were now co-belligerents. I asked what was meant by "unconditional surrender" and "co-belligerent" in one and the same case, but could get no clear answer.

The Italian general did not seem to know, either; he placed the emphasis on "co-belligerent" and wanted to forget everything else. He was inclined to think that since he was the senior army general in southern Italy, the Eighth Army should therefore come under his command, as we were now allies.

I decided to go and see him and get the matter cleared up quickly, before trouble arose. I had written out some notes of what I would say to him, through an interpreter, since neither of us could speak the other's language. I give these notes below, but when I actually met him I decided to leave out para. 3; I saw at once there was no need for it, as he was a very decent chap and only too willing to help in any way.

"1. Delighted to meet him and feel sure he will co-operate wholeheartedly in the defeat of our common enemy—Germany.

"2. We do not yet know the exact details of Italian co-operation that have been settled by governments. But in order that our co-operation may be very good it is essential that we should all be quite clear as to our immediate general position. Any misunderstanding would merely tend to prejudice our early defeat of the Germans.

"3. The armed forces of Italy have been defeated in battle and have surrendered unconditionally to the Allies. We do not wish to cause any dishonour to the Italian Army, or to disarm the personnel. But the above basic factor must be remembered.

"4. Command in the zone of the armies, and on the lines of communication must be exercised through British channels—absolutely and completely, and in respect of any situation that may arise.

"5. Formations and units of the Italian Army will remain under their own commanders. Orders as to their action, or work, or general routine in garrisons and ports, will be communicated through the British command.

"All such orders must be obeyed instantly, and without comment; only in this way will our operations against the Germans be able to develop their maximum power rapidly.

"Any representations regarding modifications, etc., will be submitted to the British command; these will always receive sympathetic consideration, and will always be complied with if this can be done without prejudicing the general war effort.

"6. In general, the active offensive against the Germans for the present will be conducted by the Allied British and American Forces, pending any other arrangements by governments concerned.

"7. The contribution of the Italian Army will be confined to: (a) defence of ports and of lines of communication; (b) work on communications, roads, etc.; (c) provision of labour as necessary.

"It is particularly important that Italian A.A. artillery should be able to play its full part in the defence of ports and of the lines of communications. Detailed orders about this will be issued through the British command."

I had built up a most efficient and experienced administrative staff in the Eighth Army, first under Brian Robertson and now under Miles Graham. When we got to Tunisia we came under Allied Forces Headquarters, the administrative staff of which neither had the knowledge themselves, nor the courage and good sense to put their trust in the information they received from the well-tried and veteran administrative staff of the Eighth Army.

A.F.H.Q. did not understand that an important principle of successful administration during active operations is to put full confidence in the staff of the lower formation and to send up, where possible, without argument, what is demanded from the front. If the confidence is found to be misplaced, the only course is to sack the miscreants and put better men in their place.

Allied Force H.Q. in Algiers failed in this respect and as a result we had to encounter very great difficulties. At a later stage in the operations in Italy, Robertson became chief administrative officer to Alexander, and he quietly gathered the reins into his very able hands.

It will be remembered that the "object" given me did not visualize my advancing beyond the neck of the toe of Italy, i.e. about sixty miles. But I drove the Eighth Army forward at great speed beyond this point in order to try to assist the operations of the Fifth U.S. Army at Salerno. In doing so I had been warned by my staff that I was taking big administrative risks.

The advice was sound; so was my decision to ignore it. I attempted to relieve the enemy pressure on the Fifth Army at Salerno, but paid the penalty of finding my own reserves were exhausted and that supplies to replenish them were not forthcoming.

Winter closes in

I then had to switch my administrative axis to the heel ports of south-east Italy.

When the winter closed in on us, with the constant rain and appalling mud, I wrote to the War Office and asked the C.I.G.S. if he could send me out a waterproof suit, jacket and trousers, of some mackintosh material. The Bishop of Southwark was to visit the Eighth Army to hold confirmations before Christmas, and he was given the suit to bring out. This signal was sent me from the War Office when the suit had been handed over to the bishop:

From: War Office.
To: Eighth Army.
Personal for General Montgomery.
Following to be read as verse.

We've despatched, *pour la guerre*,
A mackintosh pair
Of trousers and jacket, express;
They are coming by air
And are sent to you care
Of the Bishop of Southwark, no less.

So wherever you go
From Pescara to Po,
Through mud and morasses and ditches,
You undoubtedly ought
To be braced by the thought
That the Church has laid hands on your breeches.

We think they'll suffice
(As they should at the price)
To cover your flanks in the mêlée,
And avert the malaise
(In the Premier's phrase)
Of a chill in the soft underbelly.

According to Moss
(The outfitting Bros.)
'Twon't matter, so stout is their fibre,
If you happen to trip
And go arse over tip,
Like Horatius, into the Tiber.

And you'll find—so we hope—
When you call on the Pope,
That his blessing's more readily given
On learning the news
That your mackintosh trews
Were brought down by a Bishop from Heaven.

Very early in the morning of December 24, I was woken up to be given a

BABIES—3

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Montgomery

continued from previous page

signal from the War Office to say I was to return to England to succeed General Paget in command of 21 Army Group, the British Group of Armies preparing to open a "second front" across the Channel.

Though sad, of course, to leave the Eighth Army, I was naturally delighted to have been selected for the great task ahead: the full-scale invasion across the Channel which would truly avenge Dunkirk.

It was a relief and an excitement: a relief because I was not too happy about the overall situation in Italy and considered we had only ourselves to blame for the situation which now faced us. No grand design for the opening of a new theatre of operations; no master plan; no grip on the operations; a first-class administrative muddle—all these had cumulatively combined to impose such delay on the operations that we failed to exploit the initial advantages which we had gained before the winter closed in upon us.

I made a quiet resolve that when we opened the Second Front in north-west Europe we would not make the same mistakes again—so long as I had any influence in the responsible circles concerned.

General Eisenhower had been appointed Supreme Commander for the Second Front some days earlier, and there had been tremendous speculation throughout the Eighth Army about who would go with him as his commanders-in-chief, and who would succeed him in the Mediterranean theatre. The favourite for Supreme Commander, Mediterranean theatre, was "Jumbo" Wilson, who was C.-in-C. Middle East.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the new appointments were announced by the B.B.C. and we picked it up in Italy—Wilson, to succeed Eisenhower; Alexander, to remain in his present job; myself, C.-in-C. 21 Army Group.

I spent Christmas Day quietly at my Tactical H.Q., with the officers and men who had been with me since Alamein, and flew to Algiers on December 27 to see Eisenhower and Bedell Smith, who was to go with Eisenhower as his Chief of Staff.

Eisenhower told me that he wanted me to take complete charge of the initial land battle, and that he would place the American armies in England under my command for the landing and subsequent operations. I got back to Tac H.Q. in Italy the next afternoon.

Farewell message

The problem of a farewell message to my beloved Eighth Army was causing me seriously to think; I had only just issued a Christmas message.

I wrote the farewell message in the air on December 28 during the flight back from Algiers, and arranged that it should be read to officers and men on January 1, 1944, after I had gone. This is what I said:

"It is difficult to express to you adequately what this parting means to me. I am leaving officers and men who have been my comrades during months of hard and victorious fighting, and whose courage and devotion to duty always filled me with admiration. I feel I have many friends among the soldiery of this great army. I do not know if you will miss me; but I will miss you more than I can say, and especially will I miss the personal contacts, and the cheerful greetings we exchanged together when we passed each other on the road.

"In all the battles we have fought together we have not had one single failure; we have been successful in everything we have undertaken.

"I know that this has been due to the devotion to duty and wholehearted co-operation of every officer and man, rather than to anything I may have been able to do myself. But the result has been a mutual confidence between you and me, and mutual confidence between a commander and his troops is a pearl of very great price.

"I am also very sad at parting from the Desert Air Force. This magnificent air striking force has fought with the Eighth Army throughout the whole of its victorious progress; every soldier in this army is proud to acknowledge that the support of this strong and powerful air force has been a battle-winning factor of the first importance. We owe the Allied air forces in general, and the Desert Air Force in particular, a very great debt of gratitude.

"What can I say to you as I go away?

"When the heart is full it is not easy to speak. But I would say this to you: YOU have made this army what it is. YOU have made its name a household word all over the world. Therefore, YOU must uphold its good name and its traditions.

"And I would ask you to give to my successor the same loyal and devoted service that you have never failed to give to me.

"And so I say GOOD-BYE to you all.

"May we meet again soon; and may we serve together again as comrades-in-arms in the final stages of this war."

Another hurdle

The really great hurdle which faced me was to say good-bye to the officers and men of Eighth Army H.Q., so many of whom had been with me since Alamein. I said I would do this on December 30 at Vasto, in which town was my main headquarters.

I knew it would be a very difficult moment for me when I got on the platform to speak, and it was. I told de Guingand he was to go with me to the hall and take me in; I knew I would need some close and faithful friend to be near me, ready to lend a hand if I faltered.

There was a great gathering in the hall. I should have difficulty myself in describing the occasion. This is Freddie de Guingand's account of it, taken from *Operation Victory*:

"I drove with him to the hall, feeling as I always do on such occasions, sad and sentimental. My chief was very quiet and I could see that this was going to be the most difficult operation he had yet attempted.

"He started very quietly, apologizing in case his voice might let him down for, as he said: 'This is not going to be easy, but I shall do my best. If I happen to find difficulty in speaking on occasions, I hope you will understand.'

"I felt a lump coming in my throat, and one could feel every one of his audience was perfectly tuned into his mood. He then very simply and rather slowly explained about his coming departure and what responsibilities lay

"How long will it be until next Christmas?"

"But why should *I* have to dress up every year?"

ahead. He summed up the situation, and expressed his thanks to everyone for the support he had received and for the way they had fought.

"He then asked them to follow the new army commander, Leese, as they had followed him. There were no great feats of oratory and no false note. It was exactly right and I found it intensely moving. He finished quietly by reading his last of many personal messages to the army—his message of farewell.

"We cheered him and then he walked slowly out to his car. I followed feeling very uncomfortable, for I had tears on my cheeks and we were riding in an open car. We drove back to main headquarters, which was only a few hundred yards away, where some of the senior commanders had been asked to come and have a chat.

"It was a wonderful gathering of old friends. As my chief talked to this trusted few I could not help thinking of Napoleon and his marshals, for here surely there was to be found the same relationship, born and tempered by mutual esteem and success in battle."

Oliver Leese arrived that night and I handed over to him.

The next morning, December 31, I took off in my Dakota aircraft from the air strip near my Tactical H.Q. We headed for Marrakesh. The Prime Minister was there, convalescing from his recent illness.

As we flew across the Mediterranean I pondered over the past and thought of the future; and especially of my bet with Eisenhower and his insistence that the war would be over by Christmas, 1944. I was certain that it *could* be, if we conducted it in the right way; and I was *not* so certain that we would.

The immortal march

At Marrakesh on New Year's Day the Prime Minister wrote this in my autograph book:

"The immortal march of the Eighth Army from the gates of Cairo along the African shore through Tunisia, through Sicily, has now carried its ever-victorious soldiers and their world-honoured commander far into Italy towards the gates of Rome. The scene changes and vastly expands. A great task accomplished gives place to a greater in which the same unfailing spirit will win for all true men a full and glorious reward.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL."

When I arrived at Marrakesh I found the Prime Minister studying a copy of the plan for Overlord—the code name given to the invasion of Normandy.

He gave it to me to read and said he wanted my opinion on the proposed operation. I replied that I was not his military adviser; Overlord was clearly a combined operation of the first magnitude and I had not seen the plan and had not even discussed the subject with any responsible naval or air authority. He agreed but said he would like me to study the plan, nevertheless, and give him my "first impressions."

I said I would take it to bed with me and give him some impressions in the morning; he knew that I liked to go to bed early.

That night was New Year's Eve and we had an amusing dinner with the Prime Minister and his staff, and Mrs. Churchill. I knew the dinner-party would go on late and that the Prime Minister would certainly stay up to salute the New Year. So I asked permission to go to bed soon after dinner on the plea that I had to read the Overlord plan.

I spent some time on this and wrote out my first impressions; these were typed before breakfast and I took them into the Prime Minister as soon as the paper was ready. He was in bed and read my paper at once.

My observations included:

"The initial landing is on too narrow a front and is confined to too small an area.

"By D+12 a total of sixteen divisions have been landed on the same beaches as were used for the initial landings. This would lead to the most appalling confusion on the beaches and the smooth development of the land battle would be made extremely difficult—if not impossible.

"Further divisions come pouring in, all over the same beaches. By D+24 a total of twenty-four divisions have been landed, all over the same beaches; control of the beaches and so on would be very difficult; the confusion, instead of getting better, would get worse.

"My first impression is that the present plan is impracticable."

The Prime Minister was intensely interested. He said he had always known there was something wrong in the proposed plan, but that the chiefs of staff had agreed with it and that left him powerless. Now a battlefield commander had analysed it for him and had given him the information he needed—and he was grateful.

I asked for my paper back, saying it was written entirely without inter-service discussion and I did not want to start my new job by troubles with the planners in London. But he kept it, promising to use it himself only as background information. I had the subsequent impression that the background was liable to intrude into the foreground.

Later in the morning we started out for a picnic lunch in the country at Mrs. Churchill's suggestion. We had a quiet and refreshing day in the sunshine and warmth of the Moroccan countryside in winter, and much stimulating conversation. I got to know the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill well during that short visit to Marrakesh, and it was the beginning of a friendship which developed into my becoming a close friend of them both.

That night after dinner I left Marrakesh for England. Eisenhower had refused to allow me to do the journey in my Dakota two-engine aircraft, although I had had extra fuel tanks fitted. So I transferred to an American four-engine C/54 aircraft. I filled my own plane with oranges and told the pilot to make his way to England. He followed the next night. I reached London on January 2.

Freddie de Guingand, and the other members of my staff whom I was bringing from the Eighth Army, had arrived in London some twenty-four hours before me. Headquarters 21 Army Group was in St. Paul's School, West Kensington, where I had been as a boy.

My office was located in the room of the high master. Although I had been a school prefect, captain of the 1st XV, in the cricket XI and in the swimming team, I had never entered that room before. I had to become a commander-in-chief to do so.

Our "A" Mess was established in Latymer Court, a block of flats across the road from the school: I lived in one of them. I asked Admiral Ramsay, the naval C.-in-C. for Overlord, to live in the mess, and to bring with him Admiral Creasy, his Chief of Staff.

BABIES—4

Every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

Charles Dickens

Betting at dinner

We were a most cheerful party and at dinner each evening the conversation roamed over a wide field. Discussion often ended in bets being laid. I suggested we should keep a betting book in which all bets would be entered and signed by both sides. I have the book beside me and it is of considerable historical interest. Some of the bets deal with political and other personalities and will not bear publication—not yet, anyhow.

I never laid any bets myself, but was prepared to accept those that looked promising; by this means I made quite a lot of money so that charities in which I was interested benefited.

Most of the bets I accepted concerned the ending of the war. I held the view that having now knocked Italy out of the war and got well established in that country, and once a second front was opened in north-west Europe, we should be able to bring the German war to a successful conclusion by the end of 1944.

On January 26, 1944, Admiral Ramsay bet me an even £5 that "the war with Germany will be over by January 1, 1945."

Not to be outdone by his C.-in-C., Admiral Creasy bet me in April, 1944, two months before D-Day, that: "organized German resistance will have ceased by 1200 hrs. on December 1, 1944."

I had some interesting bets with General George Patton, of the Third American Army. On June 1, 1944, he laid me two bets which I quote in full.

"General Patton bets General Montgomery a level £100 that the armed forces of Great Britain will be involved in another war in Europe within ten years of the cessation of the present hostilities."

"General Patton bets General Montgomery that the first Grand National run after the present war will be won by an American-owned horse—an even £10."

Not all our time was taken up in making bets. It had soon become clear to me on arriving home that we were confronted with a task of great difficulty.

© *Bernard Law, Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, 1958*

NEXT WEEK: The Second Front opens. . . . The truth about my clashes with Eisenhower

REMEMBER ME —this Christmas!

7,500 boys and girls in the care of Dr. Barnardo's Homes share the friendship and security of happy family life all the year round. Please help continue this good work by making a special Christmas donation to our funds.

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The most welcome gift of all!

18/- bottle · 9/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 36/-

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull and Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

I BOUGHT a vacuum cleaner on hire purchase and was told by the dealer's representatives that I would be advised later when and where I was to send the instalments. It was not till several months later that the firm wrote and told me they had made a mistake with my address and would I now start paying the instalments which were overdue. I paid one immediately—but now I've had a solicitor's letter demanding an immediate payment of the arrears. Can they take legal action against me?—W. S., Mancetter, Warwicks.

● The fact that the finance company made an error in your address and did not demand the instalments when they were due does not relieve you of your liability.

They can now recover all the arrears due and it would be advisable for you to meet the demand or make an offer of a substantial payment on account.

MONEY CROSSING

MY uncle died in America and left me a share of his money. Now I am told I will only get the money if I go to America to collect it. Is this true?—J. L., St. Helens, Lancs.

● You have been misinformed. The usual procedure is to get the money through a banker's order, and this should present no difficulty.

PARTITION-IN-LAW

SO that my father-in-law can use one of our rooms as a bedsitting-room on his visits, I should like to know what kind of partition my husband could erect himself.—Mrs. H. C., Gainsborough.

● A temporary partition would be best in your case. Why not try a thick-lined curtain running on a track fixed to the ceiling.

If you want something a little more ambitious, you could have a sliding folding screen to the height of the moulding. This should fold back to the internal wall.

CAN SHE COME IN?

MY landlady walked in to my unfurnished room recently, and when I turned her out she said she was entitled to come in at any time. Was she right?—C. H., Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

● Your landlady has no right to enter your unfurnished room without your consent, except in cases of emergency, such as fire or a water leakage.

MAY I PAY LESS?

TWO years ago my wife and I separated and I have been paying her £2 a week for our child and £1 a week for herself. When she left, all the furniture was taken away. I don't seem to be making progress with getting this back, although I took legal advice. Can I now reduce the amount I am paying her?—W. B., Kennoway, Fife.

● If you are separated by court order and your wife's income has increased or your own income has decreased since the order was made, you can apply to the court for a reduction in your payments.

If, however, your separation is by mutual consent, and there is no proper agreement drawn up by a solicitor, then there is no reason why you shouldn't reduce the amount you are paying.

There seems no reason why you shouldn't sue your wife for the furniture, but you should take the advice of your solicitor.

THE CORPORAL'S PLEA

TO make the time go faster here, could you supply me with a source of pen-friends? My interests are travel, music, and stamps. — Cpl. T. O., B.F.P.O. 69.

● Pen-friends can be arranged through the International Friendship League, Correspondence Bureau, 21 Wyndham Road, Birmingham, 16, or the International Correspondence Bureau, 35 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

The W.V.S. at 41 Tothill Street, London, S.W.1, might also help.

HOW TO MUSCLE IN

CAN you tell me how I go about becoming a masseur? Are there any correspondence courses which cover this subject?—J. G. W., Wigan, Lancs.

● Massage is grouped together with remedial gymnastics and electrotherapy under the heading of physiotherapy. You should qualify as a physiotherapist before undertaking work as a masseur and we would not advise anyone to "train" by means of a correspondence course.

Instead we suggest that you make inquiries about training at the Salford Royal Hospital, Chapel Street, Salford, 3, which is your nearest training centre.

Information on training and qualifications is also available from the secretary of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy, Tavistock House, (South), Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

IN THE PICTURE

THE people next door have fixed a TV aerial to my chimney stack. Can they do this without permission?—Mrs. A. C., Bristol.

● Your neighbour has no legal right to attach his aerial to any part of your chimney stack and he can be compelled to remove it.

However, if it remained there for a long period, say twenty years, he would probably have attained a right to keep it there.

A solicitor's letter might be your most effective remedy.

WHOSE DEATH DUTY?

AN aunt has come to live with me. She has been living apart from her husband for thirty years. She has money in the bank and Post Office, but refuses to make a will. If she dies while staying with me, who pays the funeral expenses? —Miss M. D., Liverpool.

● The funeral expenses will be a first charge on the deceased's estate whether she leaves a will or not.

Her husband is her next-of-kin and he should be informed so that he can make all necessary arrangements.

CLAIM FOR DAD

HOW much income tax relief can I claim for my father, who retired at the age of seventy with a pension of £3 3s. 6d., his sole income? He is the householder and I live with him.—Miss W. F., Manchester.

● As your father's total income is £165 a year, you will not qualify for the full dependent relative relief of £60, but will only qualify for an allowance of £30.

The maximum allowance has to be reduced by the amount by which the dependant's income exceeds £135.

AFTER MOBY DICK?

COULD you tell me where to obtain information about employment in a whaling ship? — T. M., Stamperland, Renfrewshire.

● You can write to the personnel officer of Hector Whaling, Ltd., 41 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1, and Chr. Salveson & Co., 29 Bernard Street, Leith.

Very few vacancies arise, but applications are considered in August, and crews are formed the following month.

The whaling fleets have already sailed this year.

IN HER NAME

WHEN we adopted our daughter, some years ago, we were advised by the judge not to bank money in her name until she became of age. However, I have heard that there has been a change in the law since then. Can you tell me what is the current position? — Mrs. L. C., Waltham Cross, Herts.

● An adopted child now stands in the same legal relationship with its adopting parents as would a child of their own blood. There is, therefore, no reason why you should not deposit money in her name, whether she is of age or not.

THE CROSS KEYS

WHAT is the meaning of the cross keys signs used by inns?—Mrs. M. T., Gloucester.

● Cross keys are the arms of the Papal See and the emblem of St. Peter and his successors.

The sign was used by innkeepers and tenants of religious houses even after the Reformation.

Cross keys figure in the arms of the bishops of York, Exeter, Gloucester and Peterborough.

IS THIS LEGAL?

COULD you tell me whether I would be within the law in advertising to supply technical advice to prospective house buyers and charge a fee? I am advertising as a practical man, not a surveyor. Do I need to be registered in any way?—W. J. E., Plymouth.

● Provided you do not represent yourself as an estate agent or surveyor, there is no reason why you should not advertise in this way.

No registration is needed.

THOSE DAMP WALLS

MY house was built about three years ago. Quite recently, after a heavy rain storm, I noticed patches of moisture on several walls, especially on the first floor. Some of these were internal walls, yet there is no sign that the dampness is coming up from the foundations. Can you tell me the cause? —M. E. B., Nottingham.

● The dampness could be coming from a leaking gutter or roof, or from a defective chimney stack.

WAR ON BEETLES

HORDES of black beetles have invaded our old cottage. I've tried powders, even rat poison, without success. Is there any remedy?—W. H., Bletchingdon, Oxford.

● You could try Gammaxane or Chlordane dust, obtainable from a chemist. This should be laid on skirting crevices and airbricks.

In addition, lift a floorboard and blow the dust under with a bellows or the blower attachment of a vacuum cleaner.

You will have to persevere for some time, especially under the floor, as that is where beetles breed. Make sure that crumbs of food are not left lying around.

Smooth out the ruffle in your rug

AFTER washing, my rugs seem to be limp, and as a result they will not lie flat.

Is there any way I can stiffen them without spoiling the rugs or their appearance? — Mrs. T. D. E., Chichester.

● If you brush the reverse side of the rug with Polycell wallpaper adhesive you will stiffen it and it will lie perfectly flat.

This treatment can also deal with the problem of carpets and rugs which ruffle up very easily.

He won £500—YOUR prize can be

£750 CASH!

WHILE you're in the "Merry Christmas" mood have fun by choosing a few bright words that can win you a wonderful £750 start for 1959! That exciting opportunity heads this Contest's 100 must-be-won Bullets cheques and £300 worth of £3 Ronson luxury lighters. Although you can post your coupon up to Monday, December 29, why not shoot off your £750 entry *before* Christmas?

Mr. G. Clark (Clitheroe) has won a Happy Christmas—thanks to that £500 he's just captured for his mother. You can win £750 in 1959.

100 NEW YEAR CHEQUES

£300 £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 80 of £1, 1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS each with £1,000 SURPRISE

If your First Prize Bullet this week is adjudged best of Contests 2,172, 2,173, 2,174, your £300 First Prize will be increased to £750.

EXTRAS VALUE UP TO **£300**

£3 RONSON LIGHTERS —see details on coupon

THIS WAY to WIN

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

On The 1959 Menu	Housewife's Nightmare
Smiling Today	Too Much Coal
A Bob Or Two Down And	A Bit Dim
In Life's Tournament	In The Prison Pantomime
Man With A Double	By Leaps And Bounds
The Communist Serpent	Tickled Pink
Those Bells	To Make It Last
On A Slippery Slope	One Over The Eight
Time Is Precious, So	A Smasher
Kind Words	When She's Had Her Say

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

World That's..... .....Collection
If I Knew..... The Way Things .....
What To .....Next They All ....., But

EXAMPLE ..... 1s.
BULLET

EX ..... 1s.
B.

EX. ..... 1s.
B.

EX. ..... 4th BULLET FREE WITH 3 PAID
B.

£3 RONSONS A £3 Ronson Adonis Lighter goes to each of the 100 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of three or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,172 Post not later than last collection on **MONDAY, DECEMBER 29**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee as indicated above.

Signed.....

Address.....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

JANUARY GIANTS VALUE OVER £3,000

I enclose my entry for Bullets No. 2,172 with this Gift Label. Please send me free and post-free the January 10 *Bulletin* containing TWO GIANT PRIZE OPPORTUNITIES!

Name.....

Address.....

..... 881

GET YOUR "BULLETIN" FREE

ANOTHER £750 OPPORTUNITY NEXT WEEK!

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,168 Result:

£1,000 G. L. Haldorsen, 27 Redlands Road, Penarth, Glam:

Untold Happiness—We Wasted—We *Waited*!

£50 G. Hotchkin, 8 Wilvere Drive, Blackpool: **Untold Sprays—Of *Orange-blossom*, Mistletoe Yields.**

£40 W. F. Gould, 2 Bridport Road, Dorchester: **Heir To The Throne—There's "Oak" Concealed *In*.**

£30 J. Austin, 40 Reed Drive, Newton Grange, Midlothian: **In Time For Christmas—Mend Rift—Send Gift!**

£25 S. R. Fisk, 38 Church Street, Great Shelford, Cambridge: **The Red Dragon—Turns Hungry Into *Fire-eaters*!**

£20 J. Taylor, 13 Manor Road, Cuddington, Northwich: **Funny Idea Of Family — Circle — Semi-darkness — Semi-conscious Semi-circle!**

£15 C. F. Davey, 33 Gorse Hill, Fishponds, Bristol: **Heir To The Throne—Learning *Kinship* Before Kingship.**

£10 W. H. Whittle, 303 Pickersleigh Road, Malvern: **Untold Mistletoe—Behind "Holly" Between Nations!**

£9 A. D. Evans, 33 Osborne Street, Neath, Glam: **If Mankind's Not Careful — "Harnessed" Nature "Slipping Rein"!**

£8 Miss A. N. Clare, 4 Pinfold Avenue, Blackley, Manchester: **With A Halter On—*Recipient* Of Russian "Gift-horse"!**

(Each winner above receives also a Christmas Turkey.)

Forty further cheque-plus-Turkey winners have been notified. 2,100 other Awards have also been posted.

Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Comp," out Mondays.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

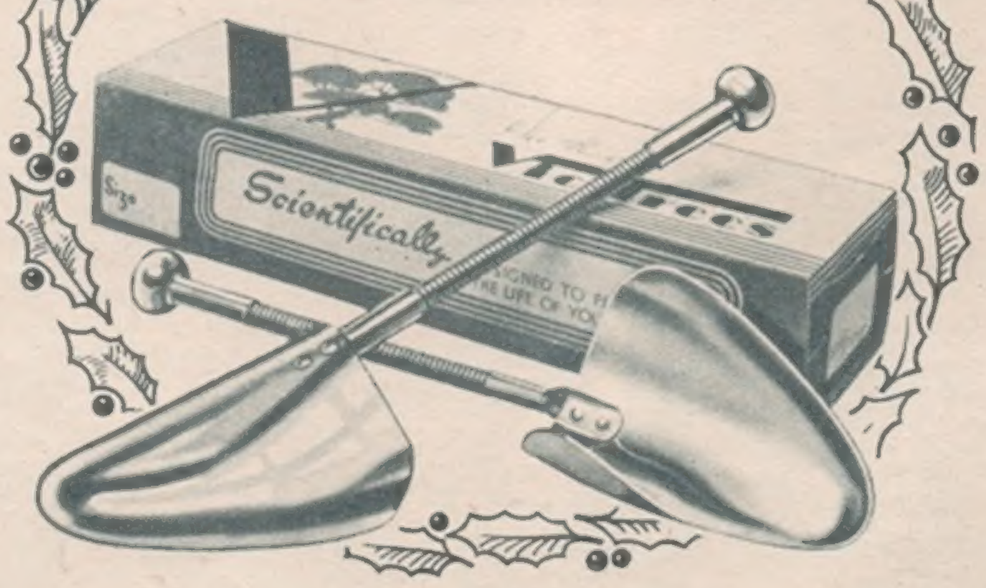
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated January 24), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 10, for early news of No. 2,172 result.)

POST ENTRY

Bullets 2,172, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

An inexpensive idea for Christmas!



Here's a sensible tip. Buy him . . . or her . . . a pair of Vic-Trees. Daily use prolongs the life, comfort and appearance of all types of shoes. All the leading shoe stores recommend and stock Vic-Trees at prices from 3/11 to 9/11 a pair. Don't ask for shoe-trees— ask for VIC-TREES.

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.22 AIRSPORTER

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Send post card for illustrated leaflet which gives full details.

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—now I've discovered CALSALETTES, these clever little tablets that keep me regular and fit. They are made from a pure vegetable extract, with no chemicals added, which means their action is gentle, without irritation. *And* they're non-habit-forming. You should try them!

★ CALSALETTES 1/9d and 6/11d and try the sister product, too: TORBET LACTIC OATS 2/2d and 4/3½d

POST COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

Calsalettes

Please send me samples of Torbet Products.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... J.B.

Post to: The Torbet Lactic Oat Co., 24 Great King Street, Edinburgh 3

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